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THE  
CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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THE  
CATHOLIC RECORD.

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THE NECESSITY FOR AN EDUCATED PRIESTHOOD.

AN APPEAL FOR THE MORE GENEROUS SUPPORT OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES  
BY THE LAITY.

THE Catholic Church has always insisted on the importance of thorough intellectual training, and of accurate and extensive knowledge on the part of the priesthood. For, as an ancient writer says: "It is an illusion of false zeal and a temptation of the enemy for young novices to begin to teach before they have learned themselves. Young birds which leave their nests before they are able to fly are sure to perish. Trees which put forth their buds before the season yield no fruits, the bloom being nipped by the frost or destroyed by the sun." Another ancient writer says, "The priest must not only do but also teach the commands of Christ, must guide by word and precept as well as by practice. If any controversy arise, he must bring his knowledge and learning to his aid in settling the right interpretation of Scripture, and must also be skilled in the true arts and rules of disputation, all of which cannot be attained without continual

labor and study. . . . For if a plain and simple people shall observe their leader baffled by the arguments of a subtle opposer, they will be ready to impute this, not so much to the weakness of the advocate, as to the badness of the cause; and so by the priest's ignorance a whole people shall be carried along to destruction, or at least so shaken in their faith that they will not stand firm in the future."

In the year 653 the Council of Toledo declared: "It is absurd that they who are unlearned and ignorant should be promoted to teach the simple and the laity. Let no man then who is unholy or unlearned approach to meddle with the mysteries of God. But let him only come who is adorned with innocence of life and the splendor of learning." In the eleventh century Gregory VII, when repromulgating ancient canons for the institution of schools for the liberal arts and for theological professorships, recognizing the intimate

relation of knowledge and sanctity, says: "That desiring a saintly clergy he wished them to be learned." In the thirteenth century Innocent III enjoins upon bishops the necessity of attending to this in selecting those whom they ordained to the priesthood. "The bishop," says Innocent, "will diligently ascertain the capacity of those upon whom he confers holy orders. It is better to have a few who are learned to serve the altar, than many who are ignorant."

We might multiply, *ad infinitum*, utterances of saints and doctors, of councils and of popes, all enforcing the same principle, but it is not necessary. The principle is admitted. Where it is not acted upon, the neglect results from the carelessness of those who have charge of the education of the candidates for the priesthood, or from inability to carry out the principle into practice, and not from the absence of a distinct rule on the part of the Church, or want of earnest exhortations and injunctions to enforce it.

There is, we apprehend, however, a widely prevalent error on the part of laymen as to the mode and process necessary to be pursued, in order to give to candidates for holy orders the intellectual training and learning required for the efficient discharge of their difficult and arduous duties.

The idea is but too commonly entertained, that nothing more is necessary to this than a thorough training in some specific branches of knowledge, in Latin, in Dogma, and in Moral Theology, for example, with some knowledge of Church history. It is a great mistake, and a mistake which involves a fundamental disregard of the first principles of thorough educational training. It assumes, what is utterly untrue, viz., that the pursuit of certain specific studies can adequately educate the mind, and that they can be made an effective substitute, first, for severe elementary discipline, and

secondly, for the general studies which a broad, deep, comprehensive education involves. It is impossible to make an adequate preparation for any profession or pursuit by the mere study or practice of the specific subject-matter involved. The providential laws of human development, physical, mental, and moral, forbid it.

This is true of even the lowest forms of industrial action. And we choose them as furnishing a familiar and readily understood illustration of the truth which we are endeavoring to enforce. Quickness and accuracy of eye and of hand, nicety and certainty of manipulation, ability to strike, to chisel, to chip, and to file, make up part of the acquirements of a thorough mechanic. They are most important, and yet are the least intellectual part of his acquirements. But they are not obtained solely by the practice of those particular manipulations. They are the results of a broader and less specific training of the senses and of the muscles in the general operations of the workshop. We have an evidence of this in the frequent complaints of civil engineers and superintendents of manufacturing, that, notwithstanding the general tendency of the age towards material improvement and the demand for higher mechanical skill, the number of thorough mechanics is becoming smaller. The reason given, and rightly, is, that, owing to the subdivision of late years of industrial pursuits into single specialties, and the confining of the employees to a few specific forms of labor, to the omission and neglect of a more general and broader industrial training, they become not mechanics, but mere human machines.

Still more fully does the principle we are illustrating hold good in the higher sphere of mental action. A general training, broader and deeper than the study of any specific subject of science, is always required. It is only after this general training that



specific studies can be prosecuted with success. First there must be mental discipline, and development and expansion; afterwards may come, and then only can advantageously come, mental concentration upon specific studies. Reverse this order, attempt to prepare men for any pursuit or profession by the mere practical study of the matters specifically involved therein, and the necessary result is a narrowing and dwarfing of the character and of the natural abilities of those who are subjected to this illogical, unnatural process.

No one can attain to a complete mastery of any single department of science, or reach eminence in any secular profession, by the specific study and practice of it alone. The man who confines his attention solely to the manipulations of the laboratory will never become a scientific chemist. The man who confines himself simply to lawbooks will become a pettifogger, not a lawyer. The man who studies only practical works on medicine will be, not a physician, but a quack. Common sense and common experience prove the necessity of giving to those who would qualify themselves for usefulness in any of the secular professions, or in any of the departments of science, a much broader and deeper education than the specific study of that profession or branch of science. How much more important, then, that the priest, whose duty it is to expound the mysteries of the kingdom of God, to defend the faith, to discriminate and judge, and determine the most delicate, difficult, and complex matters in the confessional, should not be narrowly, and in this bad sense specifically educated, but broadly and profoundly.

Both the Old Testament scriptures and the New furnish numerous illustrations that God, in selecting persons to fulfil his purposes, always had regard to this principle. Take Moses, for example. He was the divinely appointed leader and law-

giver of the Jews. In fulfilment of God's express promise he was constantly upheld and guided by the divine presence and direction. If a general, preparatory education were unnecessary in any case, it certainly might have been dispensed with in his. Yet what are the facts?

First, he was "learned in all the learning of the Egyptians." Secondly, he had the advantage of all the culture which his position in the Egyptian court, as the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, could give. He acquired high reputation for wisdom in council, and for military skill and prowess; for we are told that he became "*mighty in words and in deeds.*" Thirdly, after he had thus grown intellectually for forty years, he was compelled to fly from Egypt into the land of Madian. In that country, the husband of the daughter of its high priest, with the opportunity of acquiring whatever of knowledge he could impart, dwelt Moses forty years longer, in the midst of circumstances peculiarly adapted for ripening by quiet reflection and meditation into perfect maturity all the results of his earlier education. It was only after all this preparatory discipline, and long, varied, and full educational process in the Egyptian schools, the court and the camp, and their action on the one hand, and the deeper and more inward discipline of a life of quietude and contemplation in the desert on the other, that Moses was called by the Lord to become the leader and lawgiver of the Israelites.

In what we have just written we have not forgotten that Moses was specially under divine guidance; but we affirm, that although thus guided in all that he spoke and wrote and did, his individuality was not thereby ignored, nor was he, at the expense of his intellect and free will, made a mere dead or dumb machine in the hands of the Lord. The personality of Moses, with all advantages of the varied and extensive knowledge and

experience, which we have endeavored to describe, was employed as an intelligent instrumentality for the working out of the divine purposes. We are fully justified by the history of Moses and of the Jews, as recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, in believing that no amount of mere specific preparation would have fitted him for his mission, and that, without the comprehensive and thorough general education he providentially received, he would not have been selected as a suitable instrument for the accomplishment of the Lord's designs. For God will not, it must ever be borne in mind, work miracles to effect his ends, if the miracles would destroy the autonomy of man, the free action of his personal intellect and will.

When we carefully analyze and study the information we possess in regard to the educational opportunities of the Apostles and Evangelists, the conclusion at which we have arrived is confirmed.

It is quite common in referring to the Apostles to speak of them all as uncultivated, unlettered men. Whilst the statement may be accepted as true in connection with the argument of which it usually forms part, and in the sense in which it is intended to be understood, yet, when literally construed, it is far from being strictly accurate.

When used, too, as it often has been by fanatics, as an argument against a thoroughly educated priesthood, and when it takes the form of an assertion that the Apostles were all grossly ignorant and stupid men, who received their knowledge solely and entirely through spiritual illumination, it becomes positively false.

We propose, therefore, considering the intellectual status of the Apostles, and the educational opportunities they possessed.

Our Saviour did not select all his Apostles from the uneducated. His evangelists were by no means unlettered men. It is an historical fact that educational culture was highly

valued amongst the Jews of all classes at the time of our Saviour's advent. The Jewish proverb, then current, *He is the vilest of men who suffers his son to grow up without instruction*, is proof in point. Nor does the fact that a number of the Apostles were fishermen or otherwise engaged in manual labor militate against our position. For another Jewish proverb says, *He that does not teach his son some trade teaches him to steal*. In conformity with this every boy amongst the Jews, high or low, was invariably taught a mechanical trade. Even the dignified teachers of the law generally joined some mechanical business with their studies. The surnames of eminent rabbis are derived from trades which they followed either for a livelihood or for mental relaxation.

St. John is supposed by some to have finished his education in one of the then existing provincial rabbinical colleges, by others to have been for a time under the instruction of Gamaliel, a most learned rabbi. There is also a tradition which carries with it strong evidence of credibility that Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, or, as he might perhaps be more properly designated, the head of the school of the law, of the neighboring city of Capernaum, was, for a time, St. John's instructor.

Zebedee, the father of Saints John and James "the Great," was not in straitened pecuniary circumstances. He was the owner of nets and of vessels, and he carried on his business on a scale that required the employment of "hired servants" as well as of his sons. His wife, too, is referred to in the Sacred Scriptures as a woman of property, who (probably after Zebedee's decease) followed our Saviour from Galilee into Judea ministering "to his wants out of her substance."

The father of Saints Andrew and Peter appear to have been of like social position with Zebedee, and



there is, to say the least, nothing in the references made to them in the Sacred Scriptures or in Sacred Tradition which forbids the supposition that they received an education entirely compatible with their father's circumstances.

The mother of Saints James "the Less" and Jude was a woman pecuniarily able to follow our Saviour from Galilee to Judea and minister to his wants, and therefore, it may be presumed, able to provide for the education of her sons. Moreover, they were of the tribe of Levi, and are believed to have been "of the house of Aaron and family of Kohath," and eligible to the priesthood. Indeed, it is believed by some that St. James was a priest of the old law before he was called to become an Apostle. It is, therefore, in the highest degree probable that these two brothers, Saints James and Jude, were well educated.

St. Matthew is known to have been in comfortable pecuniary circumstances, and the duties of the official position he occupied under the Roman provincial government presupposed and required for their fulfilment a liberal education.

St. Mark was a *Levite*, a member of a Jewish tribe who were more generally and more highly educated than were the Jews of other tribes. His uncle was wealthy, and his mother was the owner of a house in Jerusalem of such magnitude that it was the resort of the first converts for purposes of worship. In connection with St. Mark we here mention St. Barnabas, his kinsman. He also was a Levite, a man of property, and of wealthy family connections. He was born and reared in the island of Cyprus, the home of Grecian refinement and culture as well as of luxury, and the favorite resort of wealthy Jews. Saints Mark and Barnabas are also believed by many to have been near relatives of Ananias, the high priest. If so, they were of the highest social rank. It is highly

probable that St. Barnabas received a classical education in Cyprus, and it is a fact beyond dispute that, like St. Paul, he finished his educational studies under the direction of *Gama-liel*, who was for thirty-two years President of the Sanhedrim, and highly distinguished for his acquaintance with Grecian philosophy, as well as profoundly versed in the learning of the Jews. On this account he was styled "Head of the College of Rabbis," "Prince of the Senate," "The Glory of the Law."

In regard to St. Luke it is not necessary to enter into any details. It is universally known that he was highly educated.

It is not, perhaps, amiss here to say a few words concerning the educational advantages existing amongst the Jews.

1. A Jewish education was well adapted to develop intellectual acuteness and strength. It consisted of a very thorough study of the writings of Moses, not simply as a collection of religious precepts, but also as a system of civil law, of political economy, and of moral casuistry. It involved, too, a study of the past history of the people of Judea, of their relations in the past and the then present to the peoples of other nationalities, and of their own future destiny as foreshadowed in the divine revelations with which they had been favored. This latter subject led to a searching inquiry into and study of the writings of their prophets.

Out of this had grown up a body of learning, the exercise of mastering which constituted a disciplinary process of no slight severity and value. For, while the study of "The Law" necessarily involved logical and metaphysical training, the study of the "Prophets" could not well fail to carry with it literary and rhetorical culture. Nowhere will you find finer specimens of style than in these Old Testament writings. No other literature furnishes better examples of animated description, perspicuous

narration, noble imagery, and of pastoral, lyric, and dramatic poetry.

2. The progress of mental development among the Jews, in connection with the influence of Oriental and also of Grecian literature and philosophy, which many of their learned rabbis zealously studied, had given rise to several philosophical and theological parties, whose polemical contests quickened and sharpened the Jewish intellect. Other circumstances, too, contributed to carry forward this process of mental development. For some time before our Saviour's advent, and during the period of his visible presence on earth, political changes, intercourse with foreign countries, and the recent introduction of Grecian and Roman learning, produced extraordinary intellectual activity amongst the Jews, and caused learning to be highly esteemed.

The Apostles were unquestionably men of quick and strong mental susceptibility; and born and reared at the time and under the circumstances we have endeavored to describe, with nothing in the way of those whom we have named obtaining an education, to suppose that they did not avail themselves of their opportunities seems to us most unreasonable.

There is another consideration which it is now in place for us to state. It must be ever borne in mind that the Apostles enjoyed the advantages, for several years, of personal intercourse with our Saviour, and of direct oral instruction by him, who is immeasurably superior to all human teachers. This, of itself, was an advantage of incalculable value. The superiority of personal oral instruction, over the mere study of books is well known; the immeasurably greater power of spoken words over those that are written; the immense advantage of communicating with the living spirit of a teacher. But the Apostles had constant, personal intercourse with the greatest of all teachers—HIMSELF THE TRUTH.

Moreover, the power of the super-

natural forces which were constantly brought to bear upon the Apostles, and the extent to which these operated in sharpening the perceptions, in quickening, invigorating, developing, and training the mental and moral faculties of the Apostles, we can never fully know. It is a mystery which forms part of the unfathomable abyss of the incarnation itself. But we do know, that in virtue of the relation of the Apostles to him, who was and is divine as well as human, the Creator and Ruler of the powers of heaven as well as of earth, in whom, by whom, and through whom all things move and live, the influences and forces operating upon and in the Apostles must have been immeasurably above and beyond any conceivable natural powers. The personal presence of our Saviour, the very atmosphere, so to speak, of his sacred person, could not but have exerted an immense power over those who, in the exercise of their free will, yielded to the benign influence. For several years the Apostles dwelt immediately in that presence, and heard "the *gracious* words which proceeded from HIS mouth," words which could quicken their faculties and stir their natures to their inmost depths as effectively as they could raise to life the dead Lazarus, or calm the surging billows of Gennesaret. And he is worse than blind who cannot see the results of the supernatural as well as of the natural advantages (antecedently referred to) which surrounded and elevated the Apostles, in their intellectual acuteness and vigor, in the depth and breadth of their thoughts, their powers of statement and argument, their clearness and strength of expression, as well as in their zeal, self-abnegation, piety, devotion, and abounding spiritual graces.

In addition to all this the Apostles received, in their plenitude, the gifts of the Holy Ghost. This fact, it might seem at first, would weaken if not destroy the force of our argument. When properly considered,



it gives it additional force. For the Holy Ghost not only sanctified the hearts of those upon whom he descended, but also quickened and elevated their intellects. Their memory was cleared and strengthened, so that they remembered all that our Saviour had taught them, more, far more, than is contained in the New Testament writings. Their understanding was deepened, so that they comprehended mysteries which the profoundest intellect in the exercise of merely natural powers could not grasp. Their knowledge was enlarged, so that subjects, which a lifelong study might have failed to enable them to master, became familiar to them. Compare the Apostles in these respects with the mightiest minds and most learned scholars of antiquity or of modern times, and they are immeasurably superior. Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, with all their keenness of intellectual vision, with their wonderful powers of discrimination and analysis and profound comprehension, were unable to catch even a glimpse of the truths which the Apostles clearly apprehended and taught.

It is now in place to speak of St. Paul, who was converted and called to be an Apostle after the ascension of our Saviour. And here we may be pardoned, in view of the exceptional interest of the circumstances known respecting St. Paul, and his eminence as specially the Apostle to the Gentiles, for dwelling upon details to such length as may seem to make a digression from the line of our argument.

The parents of St. Paul were Jews, of the tribe of Benjamin. Their ancestors had left their fatherland for the fertile plains of Cilicia, whether voluntary emigrants from the promptings of commercial enterprise, or swept thither by the tides of war, we do not know; but most probably the former.

This country—Cilicia—was the scene of some of the grandest events

in history. It was founded by Sardanapalus, king of Assyria. It was subsequently enlarged by Triptolemus, the leader and head of a Grecian colony. Whilst under Persian sway, it was honored with the presence of Cyrus, the younger, when on his way to tear the crown from his brother's brow. Within its walls Alexander the Great had rested awhile from the toils of war, and in its waters had taken an almost fatal bath. Over its soil had passed his conquering army, and within the limits of its territory, at Issus, had met, in their mightiest array, the vast hosts of Darius; and vanquishing them, decided the world's destiny.

Established by the most refined people of ancient times, from the first beginning it shared in the glories of that Hellenic-Asiatic civilization which founded the first philosophic schools, under the influence of which philosophy, eloquence, art, taste and warlike power attained in the Asian colonies of Greece an unequalled height. It was in this country that Thales, Anaxagoras, Anaximander, and many others of the earlier Grecian philosophers lived; and in *Cilicia* (one of its districts), were the schools of Aratus and of Chrysippus. Strabo says: "So great was the zeal of the men of Tarsus for philosophy, and the rest of the circle of sciences, that they excelled both Athens and Alexandria, and every other place, where there are schools and lectures of philosophy."

Under the Romans Tarsus continued to be a highly favored city. The "Great Pompey," Julius Cæsar, Cicero, and other distinguished Romans visited it; and it was down its river that Cleopatra's splendid galley sailed, when on her way to meet Marc Antony, who, for her, lost the empire of the world.

It was amongst these "men of Tarsus," in the midst of these historic scenes and associations, these educational influences and opportunities,

that the Apostle Paul was born and reared. How rapidly a mind like his would develop under such circumstances, we can easily conceive. That he profited by his great advantages, we know from more than one allusion in Scripture.

Carried subsequently to Jerusalem, St. Paul completed his education under *Gamaliel*, of whom we have already spoken, the most distinguished Jewish teacher of his age.

No one, it seems to us, can acquaint himself with the early history of St. Paul, the influences exerted upon a mind gifted and susceptible of the highest development, as was his, can duly estimate the historic associations, the culture and intense intellectual activity, the political movements, and the constant conflicts of the philosophic schools, in the midst of which St. Paul was born and passed his youth, and then can call to mind the fulness of the advantages he enjoyed in his subsequent studies under the most eminent master of rabbinical learning the age produced, without discerning plain evidence of a divine intention to qualify St. Paul by thorough intellectual training as well as by spiritual discipline for the mission to which he was subsequently called. He was specially the Apostle to the Gentiles. And it was unquestionably because of his splendid intellectual gifts, developed and disciplined in the manifold ways to which we have adverted, that his vocation was specially to evangelize the refined, acute, and cultivated peoples of Asia Minor and Greece, which were then looked to as centres of light, and whence the truths which he preached would be diffused widely through all lands and nations.

A knowledge of St. Timothy's early life and youthful training teaches a similar lesson. His father was a Greek, a native of Lystra, a city of Lyconia, a district of country immediately adjacent to Cilicia, and of like culture and educational op-

portunities. His mother was a Jewess. There is every probability that he was trained in the mental discipline of the Grecian schools, as well as faithfully educated in the knowledge of the Jews. Thus he was well fitted intellectually for his mission, which was principally in the cities and among the refined peoples of Greece and Lesser Asia.

That we have not pressed beyond proper limits our argument in proof of the fact that most of the Apostles possessed cultivated minds, or at least minds highly susceptible of cultivation, and in the case of some of them intellects naturally of the highest order, thoroughly trained and developed, we propose now to show by considering, from the standpoint of purely literary criticism, the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles which are still extant. Nor does it, in the slightest degree, affect the force of our argument that these writings are inspired. We are not now and at this point of our remarks, concerned with the manner or means by which the intellectual faculties of the New Testament writers were quickened and elevated. It is simply the fact of this quickening and elevation that we are now insisting on.

St. Matthew's Gospel is admirable, considered simply as an historical composition. Its style is a remarkable combination of simplicity, clearness, and energy. For perspicuity of narration, freedom from digression, and intermingling of the author's own sentiments with the history itself, for multiplicity of internal evidences of its own credibility, as well as for the richness and fulness of its topics, "this Gospel"—to use the words of an eminent critic—"is not surpassed by any human production."

St. Mark's Gospel is well described by another critic of the Sacred Scriptures: "Considering the variety of great actions it relates, it is the shortest, clearest, most marvellous, and at the same time satisfactory history in



the world." It is full of internal evidences of the clear, discriminating, and yet liberal and broad character of St. Mark's mind,—of his thorough comprehension of the ruling spirit, ideas, social life, customs, and religious sentiments of those for whom he specially wrote, though they were of an entirely different nationality from himself,—of the accuracy and fulness of his knowledge of the wide differences which existed, in all these respects, between them and the Jews on the one hand, and the Greeks upon the other. His Gospel was written specially for the Christians of Rome and Italy. It is a brief, clear, and energetic exhibition of the deeds of our Saviour rather than of his teachings. It does not record at length what he said, but concisely tells what he did. It exhibits him, too (in contradistinction to the other evangelists and particularly St. Matthew), as the Son of God, who was also truly man, rather than as the Son of man, who was also truly God. In all this it was admirably adapted to the practical, energetic character of the Romans, a people of action, rather than of feeling or thought, and also to their ruling religious spirit and aspirations, which looked for deliverance not to One, in whom though man, should yet "dwell the fulness of the Godhead bodily," but to One, who though God, should yet be "made man." St. Mark, be it remembered, was a *Levite*, a Jew emphatically and beyond all other Jews. His Gospel, therefore, is a wonderful exhibition of his ability to go entirely beyond his own nationality, associations, ruling ideas, and studies, and to project himself into the life and spirit, the ideas and sentiments of men, whose nationality, character, and modes of thought were entirely foreign to his own. There is a dramatic power in all this that is truly wonderful. He never forgets those for whom he is writing, but their life seems to rule him. He avoids, wherever possible, all allusion

to Hebrew prophecy, to the types of the Mosaic law, to the tabernacle and temple worship, and to the arguments which might be deduced from them,—of all which, as a Levite, St. Mark was keenly conscious,—and wherever a Hebraism in language, or reference to Hebrew geography or history or custom occurs, he accompanies it with a proper explanation. All this shows, on the one hand, an accuracy and fulness of knowledge which an uneducated man could not possibly have, and also a power of conception, of entering into, and realizing the thoughts, spirit, and inmost character of others, which is truly wonderful.

It is only necessary to refer to St. Luke's "Gospel," and to his "Acts of the Apostles." It is universally conceded that they, as well as other well-known circumstances, show him to have been a man of cultivated mind.

St. John's writings at times glow with the sublimest poetic fervor, and evidence throughout a mind capable of apprehending the truth in its essential substance, and developing it into its most complex and ultimate relations. In breadth and depth of thought, in power of profound philosophic reflection he is the intellectual compeer of Plato, the greatest, deepest uninspired thinker the ancient world possessed. Spiritually, St. John was above him as high as the heavens are above the earth.

St. Paul's writings, regarded simply as specimens of moral casuistry, would be sufficient to give him a high place among intellectually cultivated men. As a dialectician he is unsurpassed. And Cicero never exhibited more of winning courtesy, of polished address, of felicity of expression, of copiousness of amplification, of vehemence of denunciation, of thorough knowledge of the springs of human emotion, and of rhetorical tact and skill in effectively touching them, than has St. Paul in portions of his speeches and writings.

Refer now to the Epistle of St. James; witness the beautiful simplicity of its style; the admirable method in which he arranges and sums up the practical duties of Christians, the polished as well as affectionate manner in which he enforces those duties,—all evidences of high intellectual culture as well as of the graces of the Spirit.

As for St. Peter; the intellectual keenness, fire, and concentrated energy, point and pith of his addresses; the fulness of thought, sublime imagery, conciseness, strength, and majesty of style exhibited by this "Prince of the Apostles," are all evidences of his great and thoroughly developed intellectual powers.

We come now to St. Jude, whose brief Epistle bears abundant testimony to its author's mental culture. Its style is clear, and full of animation. In no author will you find bolder comparisons, stronger and nobler figures, and more forcible amplifications, than in this short letter of the "son of Alpheus." Origen says of it: "St. Jude has written an Epistle of few lines indeed, but full of vigorous expressions of heavenly grace."

We have thus considered the writings of the Apostles and of the Evangelists one by one, and find that they evidence no want of intellectual training, but just the reverse. We find in them geographical and historical references—references to social institutions, to national customs, to legal enactments, to political movements and institutions, to religious sentiments, not only of their own country, but also of foreign countries—all correctly made, and evidencing accurate and extensive knowledge. - The political, religious, social relations, and arrangements of Palestine and Asia Minor, and of Rome and its provinces, were very complex, and it would have been impossible for men of slender information to have avoided falling into frequent mistakes. Let an

Englishman, however intelligent, write about America, and what numerous and ridiculous blunders will he not commit. But the Apostles made no blunders. Their style has been subjected to the most searching criticism. Infidels (particularly of Germany) have narrowly examined the use of particular tenses of verbs, and cases of nouns, and choice of prepositions, by the Apostles, with a view to convicting them of want of grammatical knowledge, but have failed. Their writings show that the Apostles possessed all the fruits and advantages (in whatever manner acquired) which the fullest, richest intellectual culture can give. Neither those writings, nor yet the history of the Apostles and Evangelists, furnish any argument for an uneducated priesthood.

We had intended exhibiting historical proof of the educational training and literary culture that prevailed amongst those who taught and defended the faith in the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles, and in subsequent ages, but we have already filled up our allotted space.

Suffice it to say of them, in the words of another, that "together they form that constellation which, under the well-deserved name of Fathers and Doctors of the Church, has attained the highest place in the veneration of all ages, and forced respect even from the skeptical." They lighted up both the East and the West with the radiance of all that was true and beautiful. They lavished in the service of truth an ardor, an eloquence, a profound and extensive knowledge, which has never been surpassed; and they sought to train up, with like thoroughness of learning, all who were called to the priesthood and episcopate.

The example of the Apostolic age, of the ages immediately succeeding, of mediæval times, and we may truly say of all ages of the Church,



sternly rebukes the idea that those who enter upon holy orders should not first be subjected to the severest and most thorough intellectual discipline as well as spiritual training.

That we are not speaking too strongly we vouch St. Chrysostom as evidence, and a host of other Fathers and Doctors in the Church, of whom we quote the following from St. Gregory of Nazianzen :

"The meanest arts cannot be obtained without much time, and labor, and toil spent therein. It were absurd to think that the art of wisdom, which comprehends all things human and divine, and comprises everything that is noble and excellent, is so light and vulgar that a man needs no more than a wish or temporary effort to obtain it. . . . Some, indeed, are of this silly opinion, and put on a grave demeanor, . . . and have the vanity of thinking that they are qualified for teaching and for the government of the Church."

Another eminent writer says: "It is the habit of heretics to regard scientific study with displeasure, because it restrains their license in disputation. It is the office of priests to illustrate, and also to confirm as far as possible from human studies, the doctrine of the Church of Christ, to spoil the Egyptians, to smite off with his own sword the head of the proud Goliath, having an example of learning in St. Paul, and of wisdom in Moses and Daniel."

Still another: "A theologian has to do with the science of God, but whatever he meets with . . . in any subject, he gladly learns. For it is with wisdom as it is with virtue—all are branches of the same stock."

By way of conclusion we remark that, if it were important in any past age that priests should be thoroughly learned, able at will to employ all the results of varied, scientific knowledge, it is doubly important now. For those whose office it is to teach and defend the faith have not partial

heresies to combat. They have not to contend with error simply on one or two sides, but on all. Heresy has lapsed into positive infidelity, into absolute denial of Christianity, the more dangerous and the more difficult to overcome because of its extreme subtlety. Its advocates have searched every department of science for materials from which to construct weapons for their warfare against Christianity. They have forged and sharpened them to the utmost possible keenness, and they wield them with all the skill that severe study and perfect practice in dialectics and rhetoric can give. It is necessary, therefore, that those who have to meet them should be able not only to present the truth, but also to present it in such way and manner as will compel conviction. Owing to want of ability in regard to this latter point—we mean want of rhetorical skill and aptness in the presentation and illustration of the truth—there have been instances in which priests, in the discharge of their duties, have encountered and really refuted the advocates of error; yet still their opponents, by their superior rhetorical skill and eloquence, were enabled to hide their discomfiture; and the fruits of the victory, won by those worthy priests, were lost, by their being popularly supposed to have been vanquished.

All knowledge, both secular and sacred, comes from God. It all forms part of the science of God. The closeness of the connection between the different branches of science and their relation to man as a spiritual, immortal being, on the one hand, and to God as the origin and first cause and final end of all things, on the other, is every day coming to be more clearly recognized. It will not do for those whom God has placed over us as teachers in his Church to attempt to ignore this fact, nor to underrate its importance. They must be prepared to meet modern philosophy, as St.

Paul did ancient heathen philosophy, on its own ground, and turn its own admissions and enunciations against it. Like St. Clement of Rome, they should be able to employ the phenomena of the natural world in the illustration of spiritual truths; and, like St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Cyprian, Saints Basil and the Gregories, Saints Chrysostom and Jerome, should be able to use all the resources of science, philosophy, deep research, rhetoric, and oratory in their studies, their writing, and their teaching. It is all-important, therefore, that those who aspire to the priesthood should be trained, disciplined, educated, intellectually as well as spiritually, to the fullest possible extent.

We have thus endeavored to show, from the example and teaching of the Church in Apostolic times, and

we might add in all times, the importance of a priesthood thoroughly learned in secular as well as spiritual knowledge. It must, however, be borne in mind by our lay readers—for it is with them specially in view that we write—that upon them it mainly depends whether such shall be the character of coming generations of priests in the United States. For, however earnestly our right reverend bishops, assisted by the reverend clergy, may strive to establish and sustain theological seminaries, provide teachers, and all the other necessary requisites for a full and thorough preparation of candidates for the priesthood, it will be impossible for them to succeed in their desires and efforts unless the laity furnish them the necessary pecuniary means.

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## LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OSCAR VON REDWITZ.

SAY, what is love? A chamber where  
Thou layest lapt in golden dreams;  
The fir-trees rustle in the air,  
And through the pane the wan moon gleams.

On odorous flowers thy head is laid,  
And o'er it winged songsters fly;  
The walls are wreathed with a braid  
Of myrtle and of rosemary.

An angel ever hovers there,  
With wings outspread of radiant hue,  
Who brings from heaven visions fair,  
And bathes the flowers in crystal dew.

But ah! beware, lest evil come,  
And blight thy heart with scorching ray—  
The angel, mounting to his home,  
Fades like a summer cloud away.

The flowers die within the room,  
In tears thou wak'st—the dream is gone:  
The moon's pure beams are quenched in gloom,  
Thou art deserted and alone.



## THE TRUTH OF IT.

## I.

It was a hard matter to get at it. "I cannot really vouch for it, my dear," said Mrs. Grundy, in the *role* confidential; "but *on dit* there is something wrong under the surface of that postponed marriage. Postponement was not all."

Then said "my dear"—a representative of a class—"Ah, yes, I understand. And tell me, now, the lady or the gentleman?"

"The lady, *on dit*. We must be careful, not of the story, but ourselves. We must stand aloof."

So society, standing aloof, was so careless of the story; in the case of itself, that the story broke loose from truth altogether under its heedless guidance. Society, however, kept one main fact in sight, viz., that it had been deprived of Constance Houghton's wedding (which would have been "perfectly splendid," to use the parlance of the people who apply that brace of qualifying words equally to Niagara Falls and a new bonnet), and it came to the just conclusion that she could not expect to be held blameless in the matter, but must bear the burden apart from its charmed circle. Because, you know, there must be "something wrong," no one could tell what; but the persons called "my dear" by Mrs. Grundy are so careful about being connected with wrong, even so indefinite a style of wrong as that characterized by the title of "something," that they are willing to detach themselves from it on the slightest suspicion of danger. For Bruce Aire, the whilom bridegroom, why, he was free again, that was all! Free! with princely figure and fine manly face, and prosperous bank account! My dear reader, I will tell you beforehand, society never got at the truth of it. You can do so in this wise.

## II.

"CONSTANCE, have you no mercy?"

"Mercy! Dear, you forget how—how—" a note of the voice breaking softly here over a heart-sob, "*I love you!*"

"Yet you leave me; you destroy the hope of my manhood, the life of my life, all for a visionary duty."

"It is not my will, but the will of God. It is not my decision, but the call of a Master;" now the voice reasserted itself—rose pure and clear—"it must not remain unheeded."

"Do not be so perfect, Constance; do not raise yourself so entirely above earthly feeling. Listen to me a little."

"Dear, when I had listened, if I should say, 'Bruce, I yield to you, I give up this duty, which is hard, and which I never dreamed of till now, for your love, which is heaven to me,' tell me, would you then deem me worthy of that love? Would you have your—your—" the tone softly shrunk within itself—"wife a craven who had laid aside all generosity and all sense of honor? Ah! believe me, I am worthier of your love, in this moment of renunciation, than ever before." But the brave words ended in a hush of tears.

He who listened, bowed his head, was silent for a time, when thought was unspeakable. Then in a voice, marked by tremor most touching, because that voice was a man's, spoke:

"At least let me help you; let me protect you. That is my right."

"It is impracticable, Bruce. You could not help me, and might hinder. Let us say good-bye. Do not, dear, do not wring my heart by trying it thus. Oh!" That was the cry of a heart that bled almost to very death, and it ended in a woful shower of tears.

"I cannot bear it! It shall not be!" said the heart of the man who loved her. "Constance, you must not go!"

Ah! she stood up then; how beautiful she was, with a woman's majesty of truth crowning her brow.

"I *would* not stay and have you love an ingrate. But, keep it for a farewell; I will love you forever."

His arms were around her, her head hiding its majesty on the heart that loved her. Ah! my reader, this is "holy ground;" we dare not stand on it longer. But you have listened now to Bruce Aire and Constance Houghton taking that farewell under which the world so decisively settled there must be "something wrong." Even this, however, does not bring you to the truth for which you and I are seeking.

### III.

Now she stood looking at her bridal-dress alone—to her own mind how utterly alone could be seen in the droop of the head, and eyes, and figure. She said no word, she dropped no tear; but, looking at it awhile in dumb grief, took it up, as we see stricken mothers take up dead children, and held it to her heart a moment, and then folded it away out of sight, as people bury that which they love. It was not white silk, and pearls, and orange-blossoms, were put away there, but a young life's light, and hope, and joy; so, when her work was done, she knelt as beside a grave. It was a room adorned with all of the beautiful and costly that wealth could bring there, and the kneeling figure was robed in dainty and shimmering silk; yet, in that hour, no poverty in hovel or garret could be more desolate than Constance Houghton's. Ah! youth is bright, its sunlight dazzling, but all the deeper for that is any shadow cast upon it.

"Constance, is it possible you have sent Bruce away?"

The voice was that of a stately

woman scarcely past the prime of life, and still beautiful; a woman draped in trailing purple velvet, with gems on hair, and bosom, and wrists; a woman with eyes that held wonderful light in their black depths.

"Yes, mother, and—my heart is broken."

The light of the eyes grew misty a moment, then a hard look came to kill the tears.

"Constance, do not kneel. Get up and listen to me. This need not be; you are mistaken, romantic."

She got up, looked steadfastly into her mother's face.

"I have considered it," she said quietly, but all the more decisively for that, "and justice places it in this light. I was brought up unconscious of my father's existence; in that he was wronged. You divorced yourself from him, and married (the word is sacrilege there) another man; in that he was wronged. His child has not borne even his name; in that he was wronged. His life was made a blank, or, what was not void, filled up with bitterness; in that he was most foully wronged. You cannot, if you would, change this woful past for him. I can and will change his future. He has sent to me, his child, the lonely, outraged man who battled with this wrong so bravely, that I stand hushed before the noble record of his life. He is in the shadow, and I will be his light; he is weary with the strife, and I will be his rest. So shall tardy justice be done, even—even though it break my heart." Now the clear voice fell, the girl's heart came surging up through its quivering tones. "Oh! mother, why did you do it? You could not have foreseen this bitter pass to which you have brought me; but you knew he loved you, and you knew you broke his heart."

You see, my reader, society was right; there *was* "something wrong" under the postponed wedding, something so very wrong that it could not be righted now; but society never



suspected that all the wrong was its own doing. That trivial circumstance of the case it entirely overlooked.

The woman thus accused stood silent. She was subtle, and unscrupulous, and quick of apprehension, but she had no reply for this brave and innocent plea of justice for the man she had wronged. Then Constance, softening, said:

"You have so much to fill your life, mother, you will not miss me; society, and fame, and wealth, can be your world. Let me go—in peace." She turned away wearily.

"Let me speak practically to you, child, for a moment, for this is all romance. I could not love your father; I left him for one I could; that was all."

The girl covered her face in her hands.

"Oh! mother, you *knew* you could love another while you were still my father's wife. Disgraceful!"

"Nonsense! It is done every day; my marriage was a mistake, and the only remedy a divorce. Half the marriages in existence are mistakes, only every one has not the courage to apply the remedy."

"Courage, mother," those hard, black eyes quailed before the truth of the other's, lifted up to them in maiden wonder; "courage to commit a sacrilege!"

"Bah! half the world thinks otherwise, and you are only a girl. As for my part towards you, my dear, do *me* a little of that justice of which you are so lavish towards a person to whom you literally owe nothing. I kept you from him, it is true, but I gave you careful culture, and till now, sheltered you from a shadow of care or sorrow. Your youth has been girt round with pleasures, and, but for this untoward appearance of your father, just when I was about to have my best wishes for you accomplished, your womanhood would have been the same. This was surely better than the sort of half-existence

you would have led with him—a literary man, not overstocked with means to support or educate you. You see, your justice is romantic; mine, practical. That is all the difference."

"It is true, mother, you have been very good to me;" out of the utter worldliness of the speech she gathered this one flower of truth and set it in her earnest heart, "but to my mind marriage is a holy thing, and love an unmistakable presence. It is a sacrilege to desecrate either. To *refuse* love, even to one who loves truly, is a privilege, the right of every human heart; to make marriage a semblance of giving it where it does not exist is a crime. But she who does that not only gives, but takes, and so cannot draw back. You took my father's heart, mother, and even though you did not love him, could not, you say, you owed him the duty of a wife. The law of man may have made it right to transfer that to another, but no law of God permits it. Divorce is simply disgrace in my eyes, and cannot assume any other form. Truth wears but one guise, and justice speaks in unmistakable voice."

"Ah! you are like your father, Constance. He would have said that in that voice and with those eyes! And—after all—" she sighed.

Constance took up the broken thought:

"After all, mother, truth crowns a life. God keep me—like my father."

No reproach she had uttered was so forcible as this, no word struck home so surely to the heart of the listener, who idolized her—"God keep me like my father," not like the beautiful, brilliant being, worshipped of the world, envied of the obscure, whom she called mother. That is what it said. She had brought up this exquisite creature for herself, for society; she had placed her there a queen; she had coveted for her, and seen her win, high position and abundant wealth, and in

spite of her life's work the wronged father's nature asserted itself, holding truth and justice above the golden gifts at her feet. This was her bitter "after all," and it stung her heart to the very core. She would make another effort. This heart, so noble in its trial, might be touched by love—surely it loved its mother.

"Constance, have you no love for me in this hour, no thought of my pain at your loss?"

The girl's heart smote her. In truth she had not counted that cost to her whose conduct she arraigned. She went over and knelt, as children kneel to pray, at the mother's knee.

"Yes, mother, you will miss me, and I—I do indeed love you through all."

"For that love, dear, stay with me then—a mother's right is first."

"No, mother, you would have given me to—to Bruce, and I would have gone away to Europe, and for years you would have done without me. Now duty takes me, you can do without me all the same. I love you all the more, since, by whatever of sacrifice is in my act, I repair your wrong."

"Go then!" was the bitter answer, bitterly spoken; "you will repent. These things sound very beautiful in theory; in practice they prove a disagreeable mistake. When you find your mistake it will be too late, for I will have done with you forever. Reflect, therefore, before you act on your present mood. If you leave me now there is no return."

For answer she only held out her face for a kiss, as she had often done when a little child. But the mother, angered and outraged, according to her view, turned away and left the room.

So thus took place another farewell, of which society knew nothing, though above and beyond which "something wrong" loomed within its immaculate and offended vision.

## IV.

"MY CHILD:

"You have always believed me to be dead, but I, Justin Maxwell, am your father. Your mother was unjustly divorced from me when you were a mere infant, and you, brought up to believe that the man she married held that relation to you, for, quite as unjustly, the law compelled me to relinquish you to her care till you should be of age. I have led a lonely and a blighted life, but always held in my heart the resolution of striving to rescue you from the atmosphere in which you were brought up should God spare me till you would be of age to judge for yourself. That time has now arrived, but I cannot come to you—half this poor body of mine is helpless with rheumatism, and you must come to me. At least let me see you; let me speak, as a father alone can speak, of the evils of the circle of which, I understand, you are the queen, and into which you are about to marry.

"Your father,

"JUSTIN MAXWELL."

This was the note, the reception of which changed the whole current of Constance Maxwell's life. Placing it before her mother she only said:

"Mother, is this true?"

"Yes," was the scornful reply, for Mrs. Houghton was one of your types of the "coming woman" (God avert the final advent long!) and could not be taken by surprise; "all but the 'unjust' part I would have told you some time. We were divorced for incompatibility, perfectly legal, I am sure! There is nothing, therefore, for you to be ashamed of, child. Don't mind him. He cannot claim you, and only wants you to nurse him through his rheumatism."

"What was the incompatibility?"

The girl asked it slowly and calmly, in a voice that seemed like the echo of despair.

"Oh! I don't know! Everything. We couldn't possibly think alike on



any subject, for he was a Catholic, and I a—well, nothing. You know I have a religion of my own—a broad and comprehensive creed, not trammelled by churches. Then I was very much admired, and he was not satisfied, after our marriage, that I should go so much in gentlemen's society. Besides, he did not like me to attend our suffrage meetings, or even our literary sores, and really I grew sick of his eternal cant about the 'domestic sphere,' and the 'true dignity of woman as wife and mother,' and the power she owns in 'her modesty which withdraws her from the public glare,' etc. But don't bother about it, dear—just burn that note. Lucie wants to know what you will wear to the opera this evening, which decision is of much more consequence. Go and tell her."

"Mother!" This was a cry of agony.

"Nonsense, child, that is hysterical, and no sensible woman would give way to it. Your father is not worth thinking about; all he has to recommend him is his talent, I assure you. He writes beautifully, no doubt of that, but wrong theories—Catholic, of course. He is poor, but he might be worth a fortune if he had only given them up, and taken ours in hand. So you see how foolish he must be. Even that note to you shows the visionary in his nature. To suppose, for an instant, you would take such a romantic and foolhardy step! Nonsense! Sheer dreaming!"

"Oh! mother, I—I—must go," and a passion of tears relieved the heart, that, all untried, knew no way of coping with this sorrow.

"Real hysterics now! Constance, I am ashamed of you. Here, take some brandy! Dear! dear!"

Out of a ruby Bohemian flask, and into a rare crystal glass, she poured the liquid, alas! too often the progenitor of the "spirit" of those wonderful women who hold meetings to subvert the laws of Al-

mighty God, and set up an improvement on them.

The girl took it out of her hand, held it over the marble hearth, and dropped it with its amber contents there, shivering it into gem-like fragments.

"Oh! mother!" she cried, her nervous agitation intensifying the poetry of that nature inherited from her father, "thus perish my mistaken past, and my more mistaken dreams of the future. The fragments are shining with beautiful memories, but they are only fragments. No more can they be put together again than these glistening things—never—never!"

Now the "woman of the period" was amazed; now she began to descend from her pedestal of supreme indifference to "that note" and its writer. For Catholics are such visionary people, you see, and the girl had always really displayed more inherent resemblance to her father than to any one, and really she was in earnest now. It was trying. After all, a strongminded woman can be tried.

"Constance," she said authoritatively, "you do not suppose I can regard this as anything more than the effect of an overwrought imagination?"

"Ah mother! I am in earnest; I am not dreaming. Is this note a dream? Is it a dream that I have a father? A father!" in a voice of ecstasy; "how often have I dreamed of one with longing! Now—now—it is no dream! I must—I *will* see him!"

All this time, the bearer of the note was waiting for her answer. She went down, expecting to find some boy in the vestibule, but could see no one.

"Shure, miss," said the girl, whose business it was to attend to the door, "I know it wus the praste, an' I tuk him into the parlor, fur I bethought to meself ye wor a rale lady, an' ye wouldn't like his riverence to be

thrated loike wan of huz, no matther what he kem fur; an' its meself is knocked into doldhrums about that same!"

She smiled even out of her woe.

"No wonder, Mary," she said; "well, you did perfectly right to bring him into the parlor."

She entered it, and found an old gentleman seated there, who could not have been less than sixty years of age. His hair was not of dubious gray, but soft, pure white, quite as beautiful and as shining as the hair of early childhood. From its frame of light beamed a kind, pure face, saying, like its Master's, in every line, "Come to me, all ye who are heavy laden." It lit as she approached him with a courteous and serene smile, which calmed her agitation instantly. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "for keeping you waiting so long, but I did not know"—she hesitated. He broke into one of those laughs that become contagious.

"You didn't know that I wasn't a little boy, merely sent to carry the note, and bring back the answer. I am Father Jerome, and I am your father's most confidential friend."

She trembled a little.

"Now," he went on, "I can understand that your agitation is very natural. Do not hurry to speak, but feel that, to me, you may speak unreservedly, whatever you wish to say in answer to his note."

"I wish, sir—I wish to say nothing; I only wish to—go to him!"

It was quite impossible for that priest, old in the service of souls, and accustomed to facing the most harrowing scenes, to control his feeling at this. It merely escaped, however, in a simple "Deo Gratias!" and a quiet clasp of the hands. Then said he:

"My child, I married your father to your mother, and these hands baptized you into the Catholic Church. I would have you know that any sacrifice you make for him is made for one worthy of it. Do nothing hastily, but remember, that justice and truth are God's, and falsehood and wrong the world's. The one endures to immortality itself; the other perishes miserably. I came with the note, because I could assure you of the validity of his claim, and bring you to see him, whenever you may appoint an interview. After you see him, you can reflect and decide for the future."

"Now, sir," she said eagerly, "can you take me to him now?"

He smiled.

"Certainly," he said; "you are glad, then, to go?"

"Only—only," she answered, clasping her hands as they might be clasped in prayer, "my heart is rejoicing that I find my father, I would be overpowered by my sense of misery and shame at his sad story." And she left the room, as if afraid to trust herself to say more.

"Wonderful!" soliloquized the old priest, "miraculous, to be found in the midst of such influences! Women's rights, divorce *ad libitum*, free-love unmeasured, strongmindedness the throne of all. Ah! powers of the Evil One, the sacrament of baptism had set its seal on that soul, and I think—yes, I am pretty near unreservedly believing it has escaped ye!"

The subject of the soliloquy opened the door, and it ended. Indeed, it was not very long till the wondering girl stood alone in the presence of her father.

(To be continued.)

## THE SANCTITY AND HONOR OF THE ROMAN PONTIFICATE DEMONSTRATED.

WHEN inquiry is made concerning the doctrine and history of the Catholic Church, we are gratified to find the many prophecies, figurative allusions, and allegorical descriptions that have been applied to what is styled in Gospel language the "*kingdom of God on earth*," all completely accomplished and illustrated in a variety of facts connected throughout a long succession of ages with the institution known in every clime and language by the title of the One, Holy, and Apostolic Church. Although it is difficult to make selection of a singular example from such a brilliant array, a devout reader of the Gospel narrative and sincere student of truthful history cannot but turn his attention to a special consideration of the claims of the Roman Apostolic See. While changes and convulsions have shaken and dissolved the empires and nations of the earth, that institution alone has withstood every shock. Heresies and schisms have fretted and frowned, then disappeared; the arts of civilization have been altered; populations have been extinguished; yet all those changes have not involved the catastrophe of the Roman Pontificate. The throne of the Cæsars has fallen, but the chair of Peter stands immovable where it was fixed nearly nineteen hundred years ago; and the barbarous people to whose ferocious valor the Roman Empire became a prey have themselves become the spiritual children of the new mistress of the world. This subject has been variously discussed, and conclusions have been made as contradictory as they are numerous, and proportioned to the impressions which swayed the minds of different classes of persons. Whilst we cast aside every other influence except the Divine Word and

its legitimate commentary, the testimony of ages recorded on the pages of truthful history, we will be sure to produce the veracious inference that the Roman Pontificate is a divine institution, that it is the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace; in it we find an idea worthy of divine wisdom, a principle illuminating the human mind, and a fact filling all time with imperishable records of its religious and civilizing influence.

Those persons who are enraged against an authority which never fails to curb the insolence of error, and who cannot conceal the want of legitimate argument, have sought to divert attention from principles to persons, and have hurled against the Roman pontiffs the most outrageous reproach. From the case of two or three occupants of the Holy See, whose conduct may not have been equal to the sanctity of their office, who, perhaps, were not superior to the ordinary character of secular magistrates, but were certainly saints in comparison with a Henry VIII, an Elizabeth, a Muscovite Peter, and such like temporal sovereigns, who, assuming pontifical dominion, prostrated every principle and every right of religion and reason beneath the foul despotism of their pride, lechery, and avarice; from such a case motive has been presumed to depreciate the entire Apostolical succession in the See of Rome, and to eclipse the brilliancy of the dogma by the darkness of detraction. Yet, should we freely admit as truthful the assertions regarding the Popes alluded to, nothing more would follow than a matter of fact proof that there may be chaff mixed up with the grain even in the granary of the Lord, and that Christ keeps his word by allowing tares to grow up

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with the good seed until the eternal harvest day. Our Divine Master has solemnly declared that scandals will come, and it is the most unmitigated impertinence to demand that any order of men shall be impeccable. This much only can be concluded from the wild invectives of the revilers of the Roman Pontificate. Although Aaron, clad in the robes of his sacerdotal office, acted most sinfully near the verge of the mountain whereon the majesty of heaven was displayed, and the Almighty proclaimed his holy law, the crime of the individual did not cause the high-priesthood to be removed from his house. Neither can the few shadows drawn from the obscurities of past ages darken the flood of light emitted from the chair of Peter for more than eighteen hundred years. Truthfully and confidently we can say that the chair of Peter emits a brilliancy more than sufficient to scatter the clouds engendered by mere human corruption, and referred to with so much bitterness, and ceaseless malice. Politicians, historians, philosophers tell you that there is nothing fixed and permanent on which the affections of life can repose. Ideas, nations, seasons pass away. In vain a flattering mitigation is sought for this mutability in a fiction of progress; still everything is displaced, exhausted with devouring rapidity. Society changes its aspects some ten times or more between the cradle and the grave of one human being. In the midst of this vast shifting scene there is *one city*, there is *one man* fixed immovably in perfect continuity and transcendent perpetuity, namely, "*Rome and the Pope.*"

For those who are wearied of being at the mercy of every wind, who seek in this life the calm of eternity, a sure refuge, a port of safety, a rock overtopping every billow, is found in the Roman Pontificate. In its wonderful immutability, around which time, war, persecution, hatred

have rolled and have been shattered, there is a spectacle sufficient to rouse the dormant or stifled sentiment of belief. Since the day on which the word of commission was spoken in Judea, barbarism, infidelity, false philosophy have rushed in turn, with torch and sword in hand, against the chair of Peter. Rome, the eternal city in modern times, as she was in ancient days, has been taken, retaken, sacked, garrisoned by all the hordes coming from East and West. No more than three centuries ago, drunken soldiers, led on by a renegade, entered its gates in the name of Luther. Little more than forty years ago an emperor who was sovereign by force of conquest, sent there his Prefect, as the despots of Constantinople used to do in the early times of the Pontiffs. The philosophy of libertines dreamed of beating down the papacy because it was well understood that there was the head and heart of Christianity, and that if the faith of the Gospel could die, this head and heart must be ruined. The blow was aimed with great dexterity. The Pope was dragged into exile; in exile he died. However, another succeeded; the chain of perpetuity is unbroken in what might be called the worst days of Catholicity. In the meantime, philosophy has had its day, and the boastful destructives sleep in the past alongside of Luther, Voltaire, the republic, and the empire. Rome is still to the good, and at that centre of Christianity, torn by the ravages of incredulity and indifference, there is a Pope, as there was in the times of Nero, when Christianity was torn by wild beasts in the Circus. Around this miraculous continuity Europe has changed its aspect three times; antiquity has been extinguished—the middle ages died out. Three empires, that of Charlemagne, of Charles the Fifth, of Napoleon, have arisen and disappeared. Some nations once seemed to overshadow the earth with their

magnificence, and suddenly disappeared. A newly discovered world became the inheritance of the civil power and of the spiritual power; this latter alone has consistently preserved its dominion. Everything has had its day, ideas, peoples, and empires; Rome alone is to the good; its Pontificate alone remains unfaded and unchanged. It remains, mingling its faith with splendid historic associations, surmounting all its trophies with the victorious emblem of the cross, crowning all it has gathered of the good and the beautiful with the immortal tiara, and strengthening every sceptre with the authority of Apostolic blessing. It remains not a myth of feudal etiquette, not a daubed device of heraldic barbarism. It remains a vast development of that title of its life wonderfully though briefly expressed by the King of kings, saying, "Confirm thy brethren."

And whilst "confirming the brethren" we find it the source, the medium, the completion of religion and civilization. While its main errand has been to bring men more safely to another world, it has scattered ten thousand blessings even upon the affairs of the present life. It has placed the crown upon the brow of kings, and girded on the sword to emperors, ordering them earnestly to wield it for the sake of suffering humanity. It taught the jurist where lay hidden the principles of law, and blessed him with a smile as he gathered into codes the just decrees for the government of society. It has held aloft the torch of science in every university of fame, while in ten thousand schools of learning the aspirants to knowledge have been conducted on paths of wisdom towards the eternal throne of truth. We are necessarily obliged thus to condense, as it were, in a glance the vast scenery stretching throughout the whole universe of religion and civilization, thus to epitomize the history

of a great fact which was present at the cradle and survives the demise of every renowned dynasty. This estimate of the Roman Pontificate is not derived from abstract eulogy, it is the substantial result of facts. The charity, the heroic courage, the saintly influence of the popes of the first three centuries are facts which the monuments of antiquity unanimously attest. The genius, the talents, the laborious and paternal vigilance of those of the fourth and fifth centuries are incontestable. The assiduous care and splendid efforts of those of the sixth and seventh centuries, in order to lessen and repair the damages of barbarism, to save the wrecks of sciences, laws, and morality, cannot be called in question. In times of transition and of perplexing confusion, and of frenzied anarchy; the hand of Roman jurisdiction held the balance between prerogative and right. Its commanding voice restrained the tyrant's cruelty, no less frequently than with gentle accents it restrained the madness of the people. What the popes did in the eighth and ninth centuries in order to civilize through the medium of religion, gives to the history of the human family one of its brightest pages. We feel peculiar gratification in being able to substantiate all we thus assert by the testimony of writers, otherwise inimical to the Holy See. "*Almost all the popes* (says Roscoe) *were very superior to the age in which they lived, and were the protectors of science, of letters, and of arts.*" I will not mar the value of Protestant testimony by my own observations whilst there is question about those ages and circumstances that might engender contrariety of opinion. Let us then listen to men speaking from the convictions of learning and standing aloof from the darkness of sectarian spite and bias. Ancillon, a Prussian Protestant minister, and of course no very particular friend of Rome, writes: "*In ages when there was no social order it was the influ-*

ence and power of the popes that alone saved Europe from a state of barbarism. They kept up the relations between distant nations. They were the common centre and rallying-point of all the isolated states. They formed a supreme tribunal, erected in the midst of universal anarchy, and their decrees were as respectable as they were respected. It was their power that prevented and stayed the despotism of the emperors, that replaced the want of equilibrium and diminished the inconveniences of the feudal system." Let us hear another Protestant minister of our own day, M. Coquerel, at present living in Paris, of high respectability in the literature of the current time: "*The papal power, by disposing of crowns, hindered despotism from becoming atrocious; thus it happened that in times of darkness we do not meet with any example of tyranny like that of Domitian in ancient Rome. A Tiberius was impossible, the Pope would have crushed him. Great despotisms occur when kings persuade themselves that there is nothing above them; then the intoxication of unlimited power produces the most atrocious aggressions.*" I am sure I will not fatigue attention by producing a lengthened testimony given by Southey, late Poet Laureate of England, who, notwithstanding his spiteful Protestantism, was obliged, by force of truthful history, to make the following concessions: "*If the papal power had not been adapted to the condition of Europe, it could not have subsisted. It was the remedy for some of the greatest evils! We have but to look at the Abyssinians and Oriental Christians to see what Europe would have become without the papacy. It was morally and intellectually the conservative power of Christendom. Politically, it was the Saviour of Europe. For, in all probability, the West, like the East, must have been overrun by Mohammedism and sunk in irremediable degradation if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to a united and*

*prodigious effort commensurate with the danger. In the frightful state of society which sometimes prevailed, the Church everywhere exerted a controlling and remedial influence.*" Those gentlemen have spoken, not under the impulse of knavery, laboring with the swinish multitude for sordid purposes to misrepresent the jurisdiction of Rome under the most disgusting deformity. They have spoken out of the fulness of the conviction arising in the mind of every honest man reading the pages of history, which exhibit, in the Roman Pontificate, the rise and progress of all that has been good and great in Christendom, and testify that, by the services it has rendered to civilization, to liberty, and to order, it deserves the title of benefactor of all the arts and sciences which serve the interests of man. Knowing, as I do, how widespread is the poison scattered by the fetid breathings of malignant slanderers against this sublime institution, and how many there are who, even when all the upper region glows in the bright beauty of the sunlit day, obscure their vision by riveting their sight upon the dark ravines shaded by the murky clouds of earth, I will ask a hearing for the erudite Scotch-Presbyterian Robertson, quoted by another Protestant minister, De Joux: "*The pontifical monarchy taught the nations and kings to regard themselves mutually as compatriots, as being both equally subjected to the divine sceptre of religion; and this centre of religious unity has been throughout many ages a real benefit for the human race.*" Hear the bitter Protestant Sismondi of Geneva: "*In the midst of the conflicts of jurisdictions, the pope alone proved to be the defender of the people, the only pacificator of great disturbances. The conduct of the pontiffs inspired respect, as their beneficence merited gratitude.*" Let us hear the learned Protestant historian, John Muller: "*Without the popes Rome could not exist; Gregory, Alexander, Innocent, opposed a*



*dike to the torrent which threatened the whole earth; their paternal hands elevated the hierarchy, and alongside of it the liberty of every state."* I cannot withdraw from the mine of testimony opened for our instruction by Protestant learning and candor until I produce Leibnitz, the greatest genius that ever appeared in the ranks of Protestantism. He says: "*If all would become Catholics and believe in the infallibility of the pope, there would not be required any other empire than that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. If the popes resumed the authority which they had in the time of Nicholas the First or Gregory the Seventh, it would be the means of obtaining perpetual peace, and conducting us back to the golden age.*"

If those who were not of the household of faith could see so much when looking out from the narrow loopholes of their prejudice, no wonder that we who dwell in the wide field of the great Pastor should behold such scenes as can elicit eulogies exhausting language, and every eulogy is demanded by corresponding brilliant facts. By the admirable aid of friends in learning, just now cited, we have given a satisfactory account of the Roman Pontificate in a long stretch of ages. Since the sixteenth century we defy calumny itself to blacken the character of a single pontiff. All have been distinguished for piety, learning, and apostolic zeal; their action has been in conformity with their mission, until we come to Pius the Seventh, whose name shines on the page of history with a vivid brilliancy never to be eclipsed. "When Europe was trembling to its centre, and every power of its Continent had alternately surrendered to fear and corruption, that holy pontiff stood unmoved. No threats could awe him! no promise could tempt! no suffering could appal him! 'Mid the damps of the dungeon he dashed away the cup in which the pearl of his liberty and religion was to be dissolved. With

apostolic spirit he exchanged his sceptre for a reed, and his jewelled crown for a thorny garland. All around him the darkness was lowering, the tempest was roaring, but he towered sublime like the last mountain of the deluge, immutable amidst change, magnificent amid ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty, and the last resting-place of heaven's light. He appeared truly what he was—one commissioned by heaven 'to confirm the brethren;' to prove to those whose faith was failing, whose fears were increasing, that religion was still strong enough to support its friends, and to confound if it could not reclaim its enemies." (Philips.) When I come to the events of our own days, within view of that which my readers have heard of, and most of which I have seen with my own eyes, I cannot help descending from the magnificent fact of the universal glory of the Roman Pontificate, to cast an admiring glance upon the persons who have recently adorned the chair of Peter. To Pius the Seventh succeeded Leo the Twelfth. He wore the tiara for five short years; but that which was done in the sanctuary, in the hospital, in the academy, in every department where religion could sanctify and science instruct, under his mildly prevailing influence, exceeded in real worth all the turbulent glories of the age of King Louis the Fourteenth. For a few months Pius the Eighth expended in prayer the last breathings of a holy life. His most fervent prayer for the good of the Church was undoubtedly heard, for then Gregory the Sixteenth received the tiara, which in the jewelled and golden beauty of its triple coronet was an emblem of the threefold glory of his reign. He had the martyr courage of the earliest times; the unbending justice of the middle age; the unsullied zeal of the modern days of Rome. He appeared in figure, in every act and word, like one who could have humbled Frederic Barba-

rossa, or cherished St. Vincent de Paul; who would have been an agreeable companion for St. Philip Neri, and would have confronted Attila. Indeed, to use a familiar American expression, there is no mistake about it. He confronted the man who was sometimes called the modern Attila—Nicholas, late Emperor of Russia. An able English writer (*West. Rev.*, Jan., 1854), after describing the treacherous, dastardly, knavish foreign policy of England, and the haughty barbarism of Russian domination during thirty years of the present century, says: "Nicholas went to Rome, and there the aged Pope Gregory the Sixteenth plucked up spirit to tell him some truths which he should have heard from younger and more vigorous powers long before." It was during that Pontificate that Macaulay wrote his brilliant sketch of the Papacy. It was in view of the great influence then so beneficially exercised by the Roman See that he penned the famous statement: "The Papacy remains not in decay, nor a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor." If testimony could be required to make manifest how gloriously the idea, the dogma, the fact of the Roman Pontificate, has been maintained unto the present day, recourse may be made to Catholics and Protestants indiscriminately—to men respectable in character as they are renowned for learning—to Guizot, Hurter, Schlegel, Thiers, Macaulay, Allison, Montalembert, Donoso Cortes, Secchi, Ozanam, Pugin, Newman, Wilberforce, Ripon, etc.; to men versed in every department of literature and science. And such authorities will assure you that the Roman Pontificate still flourishes as it has ever flourished—the friend of all the earth, help of the weak, guide of the strong, censor of the proud, consoler of the poor, ever pursuing the heavenly mission of "confirming the brethren." No circumstance of life is hidden from its eye; no estate exempt from its

invigorating influence; no emergency can baffle its wisdom or defy its strength. All the honors of the tiara shine with undiminished splendor since it crowned the head of the present Pontiff, Pius the Ninth. This American republic once echoed with plaudits to his name, which were suddenly changed to ungenerous murmurs, and why? Because he would not sanction with his benediction the murderous gang of so-called revolutionists led on to the ruin of everything holy and decent by the missionaries of anarchy and the apostles of atheism. That he was right all Europe has since avowed, when the hands that sought to trifle with the tiara were found at every man's throat—in every man's pocket; and when the obscurities of past ages, as they called the deep-marked lines of social order, were about to be washed out in blood drawn from the breast of humanity by red republicans.

Fanatics may prophecy; modern Goths and Vandals may wreck and desolate; the temporal sovereignty of Rome may be destroyed, and Rome itself undergo the fate of Carthage, and be known only in history; the Pope's head may be rolled in the dust beneath the scaffold; and the Turkish Soliman's threat that he would feed his horse with oats on St. Peter's altar may be carried into execution; but the spiritual succession of lawful pastors, with whom Christ promised to be to the end of time, cannot be destroyed by all the powers of earth. Should one pope be beheaded another with the same power, with the same title to the chair of unity, will be elected either on the brink of a lake where Peter received the commission to feed Christ's flock; or, as in times of persecution, in some subterranean vault, as well as in the magnificent palace of the Vatican. The facts of the past are a guarantee for the contingencies of the future. Onward through trials and tribulations the

Roman Pontificate will pursue its mission of "confirming the brethren in every age and nation," a spectacle

to men and angels of the glorious vicegerency of Jesus Christ in the kingdom of God on earth.

## TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

It is an early spring day in the year 1797. All Vienna is out of doors—some to enjoy the first really mild weather after a long and hard winter; but the majority to assemble in knots at the corners of the streets and discuss the all-absorbing topics of the approach of the French army, the loss of another great battle, and the rumored flight of the Emperor from the capital. Some people said the whole Imperial family had left the palace in the night; others that it was impossible, that the Emperor would never show such cowardice as to desert his people in the hour of danger. As people went aimlessly hither and thither inquiring for news, many of them passed an unpretending little house in the Gumpendorfer suburb of Vienna, which, surrounded by its pretty garden and shady trees, seemed to be quite out of the noise and turmoil of the world. Few passed this house without stopping a moment to gaze at it, and, in case a view of the occupants could be obtained, to make a respectful bow, for in that house lived Joseph Haydn, the great musician, the pride of the Viennese, for was he not one of themselves, and had he not resisted all the munificent offers of the King of England, in order to come back and end his days in peace in his own country?

Absorbed in his art, Haydn was little aware of the disastrous state of things in his own country, or that the dreaded and hated Bonaparte

was rapidly marching towards it, with a victorious army. On the day of which we speak, he was seated in his own room at an open harpsichord, writing the thoughts that occurred to him, his fine eyes turned upwards from time to time as if to seek inspiration from above. His long white hair, and the stoop in his figure showed him to be an old man; but his fresh complexion and brilliant eyes told that his youthful enthusiasm had not been quenched by the march of time, and that in heart and mind he was still a young man.

He was employed at that moment in the composition of the *Creation*, the words of which had been sent him from England. After reading them over several times, he had got out paper and ink and was just beginning to jot down the musical thoughts that suggested themselves, when a sudden impulse made him rise and hasten into the next room. "No," he exclaimed, half aloud, "such a divine subject as this is not to be treated, except with the greatest solemnity both of manner and dress, and so I shall put on my Sunday clothes." So saying, he threw off his dressing-gown and began to attire himself in a suit of clothes which was placed in readiness in his wardrobe, and which consisted of a long satin waistcoat edged with silver and a brown coat with mother-o'-pearl buttons; then he tied carefully round his neck a cravat trimmed with lace, and finally took out of an *étui* a costly



diamond ring, which had been presented to him by Frederick the Great, and put it on his finger; and then he stood before the glass, and he inspected his figure with some satisfaction. "Yes, that will do," he said with a smile. "Only one thing is wanting." Then going to a drawer, he took carefully out of a paper a broad blue ribbon,\* embroidered in silver characters, and fastened it to his watch. "I said I should only put it on on grand occasions," he exclaimed, "and what can be a grander one than when I am to have the honor of writing the praises of my God and my King?"

Then going back into his study he fell on his knees and lifted his eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "O my Lord God, give I beseech Thee thy blessing, that I may have wisdom to execute rightly this work, which treats of Thee and of the glorious wonders of Thy Creation!"

Then he sat down at his desk and began his composition, going from time to time to his instrument to play the airs as they arose in his mind and to try the combinations of chords. Like lightning flew his pen over the paper, and a crowd of beautiful melodies seemed to fill his soul for a time, and then he stopped. He read again the words of the poem, but not an appropriate or adequate expression in music could he find; he put his hand to his head sadly, and let the pen glide from the paper. Suddenly jumping up he went over to a little prie-dieu in the corner, and taking up a rosary which lay on it, he passed it rapidly through his fingers, saying

\* The history of this blue ribbon was a curious one. When Haydn was in England he was made a lion of, everywhere he went. At one house where he was invited, that of a Mr. Shaw, every one of the ladies had a blue ribbon in her hair with the name *Haydn*, embroidered in silver on it, and the host had the same name worked in fine pearls in the collar of his coat, which made it appear quite like livery. The hostess, before he took his leave, asked him for a souvenir, and he gave her a little old snuff-box he had carried for some time, and then he asked her to return it by giving him some trifle as a memorial of his visit. She immediately took the blue ribbon from her hair and handed it to him, telling him to wear it for her sake. Haydn assured her with a bow, that he would only wear it on *very great occasions*, which he always did to the end of his life.

softly the prayers of which it was to remind him as he walked up and down. At the end, a bright gleam passed over his expressive features, fresh melodies arose in his mind, and returning to his desk he exclaimed, "I thank Thee, O my God, for hearing my prayers, as Thou hast always done."\*

He went on writing for some time with a happy expression on his features, not a sound breaking the stillness of his room, but that of the movement of his pen over the paper, when suddenly his attention was arrested by an unusual tumult below, a strange thing in his quiet household. His good wife, her old maid Katharine, her still older cat, usually sat or moved about noiselessly the whole morning, for that was the time the Master chose for composing, and any discordant sound annoyed and ruffled him. He laid down his pen with a troubled expression of countenance as the noise waxed louder and louder, until it reached the door of his room, which was opened, and his wife, followed by the maid and man, rushed in, pale and breathless.

For a moment she could not speak, and Haydn exclaimed in some alarm, "For heaven's sake tell me what is the matter, wife!"

"Oh, dear husband," she cried, seizing his hand, "the French are coming, they are quite near. In the last day and night they have been marching nearer and nearer, so Conrad says, and he has just been out and heard all the news; and everybody is packing up and going away, and we must go too. Do let me begin and put up all your music while there is time, for that dreadful Bonaparte seizes everything wherever he goes."

When the poor old lady had finished this, for her, long speech, she

\* Haydn lived and died a believing and pious Catholic. "I never," he said himself, "felt so deeply the truth of Christianity as when I was composing the *Creation*. Whenever I was at a loss for a musical thought, I took my rosary, walked up and down the room several times with it, saying my prayers, and always found myself helped to the ideas I wished."

sank quite exhausted with the effort on a chair.

Her husband looked at her passionately, and said, taking her hand, "But, my dear wife, do be reasonable. You don't suppose, even if the French are likely to enter Vienna, which God forbid, that they will trouble themselves to take my poor valuables, such as they are, when there are all the gold and precious stones in the treasury?"

"Ah, sir, that is just it that mistress was going to tell you," broke in Conrad, the servant. "We have just seen eight baggage-wagons pass, laden with the royal treasures, crown jewels and all, and folks say they are gone to Presburg for safe keeping. And the streets are swarming with people, who are all screaming and swearing, and some have gone swarming round the Minister Thugut's palace, and have declared that peace must be made with the French, to prevent their entering Vienna."

"Bad news, bad news," exclaimed the old man, as he walked up and down the room. "But, wife," he said, stopping and looking at her, "what is that you said about running away? I, for one, will not leave my native town. We have God and the Emperor to protect us, and what can we want more?"

"Ah, don't count upon the Emperor," said poor Madame Haydn, wiping her eyes; "that is the worst thing of all I have to tell you, for they say he left Vienna last night secretly, accompanied by the Empress and the children."

This piece of news acted like a clap of thunder upon Haydn. He looked for a moment as if he could not believe it; then, sinking on a chair, he cried, lifting up his hands as if in despair, "Poor Vienna! Poor Austria! And so your Emperor abandons you!" Then he sank his head on his breast, and deep sighs escaped from his lips.

"Well, and do you not now see that I am right?" said his wife, rising

and taking his hand, "and that we, too, have no time to lose before we fly to a more secure spot than this is?"

"*I fly!*" exclaimed Haydn, rising with a lofty expression of countenance; "*never*. Let one man at least stand by his town and his country, and teach it to have faith in God. He assuredly has not left us; he will not abandon those who put their trust in him. What are the people crying and lamenting about? They should use their voices in praying to God for their Emperor, and I will teach them how to do it."

So saying he walked over to the harpsichord, preluded with a few simple chords, and then began a choral melody which seemed to rise from the depths of his soul. Over and over again he played it till it was quite perfect, and then, as if by a sudden inspiration, suitable words to it flowed to his lips, and he sang, to the great astonishment and admiration of his hearers, the great Austrian hymn now so inseparably connected with his name, and which is half a prayer and half a victorious ode—

Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,  
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz;  
Lange lebe Franz der Kaiser  
In des Glückes hellem Glanz!  
Ihm erblühn Lorbeerreiser  
Wo er geht zum Ehrenkranz.  
Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,  
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz.

There was a deep silence in the room while Haydn sang, and for some minutes after, and when he turned round he saw that his wife and his two pious excellent servants had sunk on their knees and were lifting up their hands to heaven. "Come, sing with me, all of you," he exclaimed; "it is very easy." Then he began the melody again, and first one and then another joined in until they made the stirring song echo through the old house and reach even as far as the street, so as to arrest for a moment the attention of the passers-by.

"Ah! that will do," cried Haydn, delighted with the success of his work.

"Now I will write the hymn down, and then, Conrad, you must take it directly to my friend Dr. Von Swieten, and ask him to add a verse or two, and have it immediately printed. If it is circulated among the Viennese and sung at the corners of the streets, it may do something to arouse their patriotism. I mean to sing it myself every morning of my life in addition to my other prayers."\*

Eight years have passed, peace with France has been made and broken, and Haydn, the venerable old man, has lived to see his hymn the great battle-song of his country. Once again the French are in Austria, for it is the eve of the battle of Austerlitz—the great battle of the three Emperors, as the Germans call it—and all Vienna is in a wild state of commotion. The great, the absorbing idea, is that at last the Emperor of France, the as yet invincible general, must succumb to the united armies of Russia and Austria, and the people are rejoicing in the thought of bringing down the pride of their arrogant oppressor.

For three days the distant thunder of battle is as music to their ears, it only betokens to them the downfall and humiliation of their enemy; they have no suspicion of the true state of the case.

Another day passes and no tidings arrive, but they are contented to wait; the roads are bad, the dispatches must have been delayed. Crowds surround the Foreign Office, eager for the least scrap of news. Crowds less respectful surround the French Embassy, and with clenched fists utter not very measured invectives against Talleyrand, the then Minister of France, and his Government. Others pour out in a stream on the highroad to Möhringen, where the first tidings of the battle must be heard. They strain their eyes into

the far distance; what do they see? There is a speck on the horizon; it grows larger and larger; it takes the form of advancing troops. Yes, its regiments must be their victorious army coming home. They advance nearer and nearer. The people rush along in a compact mass to meet them, their eyes glowing with enthusiasm, their mouths open for a loud hurrah, when, as they approach nearer, the whole expression of their faces changes to one of horror! These are not Austrian uniforms! No! nor are they Russian! It is the hated colors of the French that meet their fascinated gaze!

And the long-looked for dispatches too? Yes, there they are, hastening on with their news, but they are not Austrian. The tri-colored sash is round their waist, and as they approach Vienna, they cry "Victory! Victory! Vive l'Empereur Napoleon!"

The people stand mute in astonishment and dismay, as the conquering army winds its way past them, and marched into the town to the joyous notes of the *Marseillaise*, and their other famous song, *Marlbrooks' en va-t-en guerre*; they think they must be dreaming, so great is the contrast; but no, it is too real, too dreadfully true, for there are the unhappy prisoners the French have taken marching along with them in triumph, their hands are tied and their eyes cast down, and as they drag their weary limbs along, the people observe that they wear the Russian uniform. It is well that it is not the Austrian; they are spared that humiliation.

On they go through the main streets of the town, until all of a sudden the order is given to halt, and the music suddenly stops. Then an officer steps forward to the colonel of a regiment, and at a word from him four soldiers come forward and walk up to the small house surrounded by its peaceful garden which lies on the other side of the road.

\* Haydn kept his word, and sang or played his hymn every day till his death. On May 26, in the year 1809, he played it over three times, when, overcome with weakness, he was carried to his bed, from which he never rose, but died on the 31st, five days after.



Every man, woman, and child in Vienna knew this house; it was the home of Joseph Haydn.

When the people saw this a cry of rage escaped from them. "Joseph Haydn, Father Haydn," they cried as with one voice, "they will take him prisoner."

But no! the soldiers shouldered arms and placed themselves as a guard of honor before the door.

And the musicians of the troops stopped too before the house, and broke out suddenly with an air familiar to all the people of Vienna, the great air in the *Creation*, "With verdure clad."

Like bitter irony sounded the music in the ears of the people. What! the French dared to play the music of their great master as if it was their own! and tears of mortification flowed down the cheeks of many of them at what they considered a fresh insult.

At that moment a window in the upper story of the house was opened, and a venerable head appeared at it. Everyone uncovered involuntarily and bowed. It was a tribute paid by the French to his genius; but Haydn as he stood before them at that moment, hale, and with his eyes flashing with anger, would not acknowledge it. He felt indignant at their presuming to play his music, as a sort of triumphant song of victory over his countrymen. He was not now Haydn

the composer, but Haydn the patriot. Sternly he gazed at them for a moment, then turning to the side where the Viennese were massed together, silent spectators to the scene, he cried in a loud sonorous voice, stretching out his arms as if to embrace them, "Ah, my children, you can give them a better song still than that," and then he began himself the first line of *Gott erhalte Franz der Kaiser*. Like an electric shock the notes ran through the people, and as one man they sang the grand old hymn with him, and continued singing it as if in defiance of the French, as the troops marched away silently from the house and to their quarters at the other end of the town.

The moral influence of the great old man was too much for them, and they could not swagger or boast in the presence of such a spirit.

Joseph Haydn stood still at his window for some time listening to the voices of the people as they died away in the distance; his hands were folded as if in prayer, prayer for his beloved country in her hour of peril. He did not, indeed, live to see it answered in its full sense, for the peace of Presburg, as it was called, and which was signed in 1806, involved the loss of important provinces and great humiliation for the Austrian Empire—but his fine hymn became, as is well known, the National Anthem of his country.

## A GLEAM OF LIGHT FROM THE "DARK AGES."

It is the constant charge of Protestantism that the Catholic Church is old-fogyish; that she has, like Rip Van Winkle, been sleeping while the world has moved on and all things changed around her; that she has awakened at length, as most people do from a prolonged afternoon nap, in a comatose and irritable condition, to find the sun of her own glory setting in the horizon of her dying power. In the dim twilight she sees but indistinctly and with half-opened eyes, while her irritability displays itself in railing and snappishly complaining at the new state of things about her. Her children and all those of her household partake, to a certain extent, of the maternal failing, consequently her self-dubbed friends profess to be doing a benefit to the world at large by binding her over to keep the peace, and tell her, with the most delicate humor, that she is most foolish not to see that an indefinite term in the state prison, or house of correction, will be to her own advantage by recalling her to her senses, and giving, through means of solitary confinement and spare diet, regularity to her pulse and a consequently happier frame of mind. Indeed, there are some like the gay Lotharios of the Victor Emmanuel type; some public policy agents like Mr. Bismarck or Lord John Russell; some grim warriors of the Lord like "General" Garibaldi, or some Amin-adab Sleeks like the members of the Universal Peace Association; some mighty intellects, professedly ardent admirers of the ancient scientist, who is constantly represented as resenting this antiquated and virago-like spirit of the Church by rubbing his knees, and exclaiming, in fine Tuscan, "*E pur si muove*," which old John Brown, of Ossawatimie, would translate, "We still keep marching on,"

all of whom express as their *sotto voce* opinion that there never will be peace or advancement till the mistress of Rome has been put in the charnel-house. Now will not the good readers of THE RECORD look with surprise when we tell them that, notwithstanding the constant negation of the Church to the charge of being opposed to progress, yet that we fully agree with the above-named parties in declaring all their accusations correct. She is opposed to *their system of progress*; there never will be any peace *for them* while she lives, and yet she alone is the only true and real progressionist, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Thomas Nast delights to represent her as standing on the railroad track trying to stop the down-bearing train. We think Mr. Dickens has somewhere said that "a bushel of wheat" is the standard by which men of purely material tendencies and tastes count and discount the importance of all things temporal and spiritual; so the locomotive is the great exemplar of everything that is grand in the eyes of men who see things by the light of a bull's-eye on an engine, rather than by the light of faith. Now we frankly confess that there is, on the other hand, a large class of persons in the Church who may fitly take as their emblem, in contradistinction to the fiery horse, the lumbering stage-coach of bygone days. These people are slow, fearfully slow; anything like progress of any sort, anything which deviates in the slightest degree from the beaten track of morals, politics, or letters, makes them thrill all over with nervous fears. Borrowers of trouble are they who, viewing people and things through the lens of their own narrow-mindedness, naturally solve all rising problems by the rule of blind stupidity, which is the natural charac-

teristic of contracted brains." They are—and here is where a new difficulty arises—they are, for the most part, pious, devout, and really God-fearing people, hence they may inadvertently be great scandal-givers, and what is worse, great scandal-takers in regard to their more open-minded neighbors, simply because their devotion to the Church and her interests consists entirely of what gentle and saintly Father Faber calls "angular piety," because it is always running against the world at large. It is really wonderful how these people ever recognize any theories of development or decay in anything. How they can account for the growth and decline of social or political systems any more than they can for the development of the physical being. If they had their way mankind would become a race of dwarfs and pigmies; children should never be allowed to grow to maturity, because they would thus lose their early innocence; cities must never be founded, because by becoming centres of vice they destroy the primeval beauty of the pastoral life; governments must never change, because such movements would be departing from old-time principles; the fashions in dress must remain as they were some centuries since, even though, according to old paintings, they were more indelicate than at the present time, and all this simply because whatever is antique must in consequence be good. They oppose the introduction of railroads and telegraphs, because they tend to make people "fast," and steam communication with Europe and America was the beginning, in their judgment, of all the modern evils which beset both continents; no new theories in science and letters must be introduced for fear they cover latent heresies. They are the people who are always talking about their virtuous grandparents and the good old times, and tell you, with a melancholy shake of

the head, how things are not as they used to be, and how this naughty world of the nineteenth century is surely going to the devil. If they be intellectual people they will refer you, with an impressive wave of the hand, to mediæval times as the acme of all that is glorious in history, as though there were no crimes committed in those days, no infractions of the civil, natural, or moral law, but all things represented the order which reigned in Eden before the fall, and because the world of the present day will not accept the Utopian rule, whose upholders and promulgators they believe themselves to be by a sort of celestial commission, their souls pine away in speechless agony, or, like all other "kings by divine right," they feel in imagination the cold steel of the headsman, and grasp in prospective the martyr's crown, being careful, however, ere mounting the block, to turn upon the naughty world which is slaughtering them, and pronounce, with all the melodramatic effect of a dying prophet, its unquestionable doom.

These people are known as Mediævalists and their system of thought as Mediævalism, because to their minds the middle ages were the synonyms of perfection, every other period of the world a Nazareth of evil. Now inasmuch as this love of mediævalism is synonymous with their love for the Church, it is highly commendable, because mediævalism is a very excellent title for expressing the flood-tide of the Church's temporal supremacy over the minds as well as the souls of men, but when they would insinuate that the dormant power of the Church has been, or is, or will be less potent, intrinsically, at any other period of the world's history, they are radically and dangerously wrong. When they would likewise infer that *temporal* affairs were, on account of her supremacy, in better condition than now, they express a corollary which is not always supportable by evidence, since there



always have been, and always will be, abuses of civil and social power under every form of government. So, too, there are periods when the power of faith is less perceptible, but not on that account less effective. Sometimes it preaches from the housetops, and sometimes in "the still small voice." Will any one say that faith is not as strong in our age, has not as many champions as in the more brilliant eras of her demonstrated splendor? Then again the spirit of the age, or of a particular nation, may be opposed to outward displays of ecclesiastical or religious enthusiasm, but it does not follow that, therefore, that spirit is detrimental to the interests of a God, who, in the language of Father Faber, "is worshipped in so many ways and is content." True it is that when love dies out faith grows cold, and that the outward exhibition of faith is not nowadays what it was in the middle ages may be true, but we are disposed to think that if the good people who lived in those favored times had had as many and as great social, moral and religious heresies to deal with as we have, they might not have exhibited the same unparalleled unity of faith as is now apparent, and perhaps many of the glorious monuments of their zeal and piety would not be standing now as mute preachers of encouragement to us. Let us not be misunderstood. From our very souls we loathe the soulless *thing* called "*liberalism*," but we equally despise the self-conceited champions of their own notions of ways and means, right and wrong, who sit like night-ravens over the sculptured form of ancient wisdom and croak their direful "Nevermore." Our age is bad, very bad, but instead of idly comparing it with its predecessors, would it not be better

"To be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait?"

Now between these two conflicting elements of society, what does the Church do? Seated on her rock-

built throne of immutable truth, her countenance refulgent with the beauty and majesty of celestial wisdom, she sees the procession of the ages pass before her; the long generations of men, with their views and theories, hopes and ambitions, projects and actions, are clearly within her sphere of vision. Some of them, her devoted servants, kneel as they pass before her, and present through her mediation the gifts of their brains, or their hands, to her divine spouse, their Lord and Master, asking in return his benediction on their works. There bend in humble submission sublime theologians, grave philosophers, enlightened statesmen, profound scientists, sweet-singing poets, skilful musicians, inspired artists, dexterous artisans, representatives of every art, science, trade, profession, all seeking to turn the primal curse, "Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow," into a blessing for their fellow-men; a means of sanctification for their own souls, and an act of choicest homage to him who made and redeemed them. Carefully and with a divine omniscience she contemplates and studies in detail their several gifts. One heavenly test she possesses by an inalienable right as the spouse of God, a test which never fails her, the divine inspiration of FAITH. By it she examines and estimates all theories and creations of men. If she, like God at the primal creation, sees that they are good, good for the bodies and souls of men; good for time and for eternity; good for their advancement in temporal honor, power, or wealth, without detriment to their eternal welfare, she blesses the gifts, and bids God speed to the givers, who go on their way rejoicing. If, on the contrary, she discovers that the offerings are pernicious either as theories which contain heresies, or dangerous views latent or patent, or as works which are insulting to the majesty, or invasions of the reserved rights of the Supreme Deity,

she gently warns the donor; counselling either their immediate and complete destruction, or such judicious changes as may render them acceptable in the sight of God, and beneficial to men. If the giver prove obstinate, she reproves, entreats, or commands, until she has converted, or failing conversion, permits him to depart indignantly from her footstool, with the echoes of her anathema thundering in his ears, the flash of her indignant eyes playing like lambent lightning around his path, as warnings of God's revengeful anger, as he throws himself into the midst of her enemies. If, on the contrary, he be a true and sincere worker in the vineyard of the Lord, and a submissive disciple of his meek and lowly Saviour, he will, like the saintly Bishop of Cambray, no sooner catch the first token of her disapprobation than he will publicly retract, or modify his theory, or destroy his work. And no holier or sweeter sacrifice was ever offered at the throne of the Immortal than that betokened in the almost imperceptible quiver of the lip, that gentle gleam of the tear-bedewed eye, whose complete repression has, perhaps, in the order of Providence been unsuccessful, that men might know thereby of the heroic soul-struggle, the conquest of proud human nature.

On the other hand pass before her a wild and motley throng of self-conceited beings, who either heed her not, or heed her but to scoff at her. Men impatient of all restraint, either of the passions or the intellect; men who arrogate to themselves the dignity of being gods, and whose leader is that spirit of darkness, who first raised the banner of revolt with the well-known legend, "*Non Serviam*." These have become foolish in their own conceits. They are first and foremost the dispensers of the baneful soul-poison of free religious thought. Whatever maddening schemes of a purely material nature are reduced to practice by the modern

progressionists, are secondary to the pernicious efforts of this section of the army of false progress, because as all other things it undertakes affect but the bodies of men, or their temporal concerns, they are of secondary importance to the all-prevailing question, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? But this particular cohort is composed of the cunning hypocrites of whom our divine Lord prophesied when he said, 'There shall arise false prophets, sheep in wolves' clothing. Men who would tickle the itching ears of those who, in his strongly expressive language, would *heap* teachers unto themselves, because they liked comfortable doctrine; because they liked forms of religion which, by preaching the fearful doctrine of the all-sufficiency of "faith" in Christ, would allow full play to their natural passions, so that they would become inferior, in point of spiritual sensibility, to the very devils who believe and tremble. Men of whom our divine Lord warned us, that when they would say, Lo, here is Christ, and, there, lo, he is in the closets; lo, he is in the deserts. We should neither open the closet, nor go out into the desert, for neither would he be found in the secret inspirations of the closet of our hearts, nor in the vast wilderness of modern religion, the sole production of which is the sand of deception, which blows into and blinds the eyes of the dupes who travel in those wastes which never blossom with the rose, although poetical Protestant preachers are constantly informing us in their prayers and sermons that they will do so in some undesignated futurity.

Closely allied to the modern sensational theologians and preachers are the modern sensational "philosophers," who bring forth such startling theories concerning the heavens above, the earth beneath, and even the air above the heavens, and the waters under the earth, so ethereal

and at the same time so deep are their flights. We know that when people soar too high they get out of the region of vital fluids, and are subjected first to an excessive bleeding of the nasal organ, and finally to dissolution; so also when they get into too deep waters, their mental plummet ceases to measure, while its own weight too often pulls them down beyond their depth. Such is the fate of these modern "philosophers," who toy with the plaything of modern thought, the Tyndalls and Darwins, Huxleys and companions, whose lucubrations, like chain-lightning, only serve to stun and kill; to rend the heavens, and tear violently through the bowels of the earth; and whose "purifying" propensities have no play save when the storm-clouds of ignorance are gathered together, and the bellowing bombast of idiots accompanies them with the noise of harmless thunder. How beautifully above them sits the circling arch of the rainbow of divine truth spanning the gateway of the heavens, showing to the world, in letters of prismatic fire, the eternal promise of God, that he will never destroy the world again by water; no, not even by the multiplied floods of the iniquities of these desperate men. How gloriously, like the sunburst struggling with the storm, do the rays of divine revelation shoot through the blackness of the night of heresy, and rejoice those humble souls whose feet are gilded by treading its beaming path, and whose brows are encircled as with an aureola by its glitter.

Now, the great error of all these vicious creatures is, that man's will being free, his thoughts, his actions, and his speech are also free. There could be no more fearful doctrine than this. Man is, indeed, endowed with free will, but in the language of the poet laureate of England:

"Our wills are ours, our wills are ours,  
To make them thine, O Lord."

If they were not, wherefore the commandments? What becomes of

the divine mandate to *think no evil*? If man may not blaspheme; if every idle word of his must, in the language of Scripture, be accounted for; if his deeds are amenable to the divine justice, why should he meditate evil in his heart? And far more, why should he be allowed to lead others into his errors? But, say the modern progressionists in thought, has man no right to theorize? Certainly he has, when his theories are in accord with faith, but not when they depend solely on finite and weak human reasoning—that reason of which La Bruyere has sung:

"La raison sans cesse raison,  
Et jamais n'a guerie personne."

Almost identically united with the "philosophers" are the modern "statesmen" of the Cavour school, whose favorite doctrine is "A free church in a free state," which phrase, properly arranged according to the grammar of facts and common sense, means, the Church enslaved by a libertine form of government, whether that government be autocratic, monarchial, or republican. The Church being by her divine birthright essentially *free* from and above all authority, save that of God her founder; nay, more, she being by the very principle of her existence the heaven-appointed ruler of all governments, inasmuch as it belongs to her province to interfere in temporalities, and the state being her subject, the folly of this unnatural inversion is as clear as the sun at noonday. We may shift and dodge this question as we may, but this is the broad truth of it, and we might just as appropriately say, in arguing the contrary, that God was subject to his creatures, the parent to the child. Not only does common sense dictate such a law, but the conduct of these statesmen, when they get into power, proves that however *free* the state may be to rob and plunder, the freedom of the church consists only of the right to submit to being the principal victim.



These men, too, are desperately fond of prating about the exactions of the Church, when all men recognize her rule; but they carefully hush up any insinuations about the extortions of the state when the satellites of the star of roguery are in the ascendant. They carefully conceal the fact that the Church gave adequate returns for all the tithes which were exacted under the ecclesiastico-political regime, while they steal the public substance under pleas of a public good, which is so *spirituelle* that it assumes the aspect of a mere moral benefit in the shape of the heavenly reward to which the public patience and longanimity look forward confidently in the world to come. They carefully, and sedulously, and minutely prate to the people about "The Terrors of the Inquisition," "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," and similar titbits of history, the paucity and rarity of which are supplied for by the highly wrought language in which they are described, without however doing the least towards explaining how the Church was made responsible for these affairs, when she was really innocent, or allowing a moment's attention to be directed towards the explanations of her historians. Nor do these self-dubbed statesmen tell us anything about the confiscations, imprisonment, torturings, and wholesale slaughters which the *gallant*, if not chivalrous, Henry the Eighth and his *pure-minded* and virginal daughter Elizabeth, *gentle* Oliver Cromwell, and noble William of Orange, together with all their after-types of the French republics and Italian revolutions, the whole line being closed by that glorious son of "Blood and Iron," Prince Bismarck, have from time to time inflicted in the name of a free state upon their defenceless Catholic subjects. But before we part with them we would ask them to solve this one great political problem—what sort of a free church or free state either is that wherein

one man becomes both church and state? These statesmen, we know, fling back the retort that papal infallibility is just this very kind of one man power under the sanction of divine right. They *pretend* at least to think so, for they very well *know* the difference between infallibility in the solution of theological doctrines, to which alone the Pope lays claim, and infallibility in political and even all temporal things, to which they lay claim. We do not mean to say or even infer that the Church was specially intended to usurp the place of the civil power, or has ever attempted to do so; we only claim, what is abundantly provable, that she has a right, and when she *has the power* must interfere to prevent the infraction of her own ecclesiastical rights or general moral principles by the civil power, for this is her mission from him whose kingdom indeed is not of this world, in a political sense, but to whom in the moral order all princes must bow, and who hath crushed kings in the day of his wrath.

With this brief allusion to the wickedness of modern thinkers, let us see what has been the work of modern progressionists in the arts and sciences. Would any sane person compare purely modern architecture to that of the Classic ages or even of the Gothic periods? If so, why all this anxious and seemingly fruitless attempt at repopularizing the antique—these ludicrous efforts of the pigmies of the *Renaissance* to reproduce the gigantic Egyptian pillars, the graceful Grecian arches, or the glorious voids and pointed spires of the Gothic age? Think of modern civilization going back to learn architecture from the *barbarian* Goths; and the result of all these labors are mongrel combinations in stone and brick, ridiculous-looking churches in the so-called *Italian* style, quasi Chinese pagodas, masses of blue and gold tinsel, nicknamed Gothic. Public buildings in the so-called *Renaissance*

sance, which means a jumble of anything under the sun which the feeble mind of modern architects can pitch together in lieu of the grand specimens which they are unable to conceive, to say nothing of the crushed and topheavy-looking private residences which are struggling under the awe-inspiring load of a "French roof." Oh these *French* evidences of modern progress! Alas, poor France! what artistic and æsthetic iniquities are committed in thy name by the nineteenth century progressionists! What deformed offspring of illegitimate and impure conception are billeted on thy protecting charity by those disciples of the fine arts who, unenlightened by the inspirations of a pure and refined taste, endeavor to supply its place and win popularity by pandering to the impure passions of humanity! Such are the Swinburnes of modern poetry, the Feuilletts of the modern drama, the Dumas of modern literature, the Offenbachs of modern music, the artists of the modern "French" school of statuary and painting, with all their harpy tribe of inferior imitators of the Italian, English, and American order. Where in modern times is the echo of Hesiod's, Homer's, or Virgil's superlative strains? Where even is "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of the

Songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sydney's silver lays,  
That softly melt the ages through?

Where in art will we find a reproduction of the Michael Angelos, the Raphaels, the Da Vincis, or the Rubens of mediæval times? If they are around and about, why so much running to Europe? Why so many "residences" in Rome to copy the antique models? Some indeed of our moderns, with more than even the usual allowance of that debased wisdom which has been pronounced by the lips of infallible truth as the special inheritance of the children of the world, profess to spurn the study of ancient models as unworthy the improved enlightenment generated

by modern progress, and the result of their "glorious privilege of being independent" runs in the same circle with the products of those who indeed do copy after the antique—at a very remote distance.

But the great *dernier ressort* of these progressionists, when defeated at all other points, is to fall back on the *scientific* progress of the age, as developed in the railroad and telegraph. We might, if we chose, escape this argument by informing them that the ideal and beautiful, as expressed in the fine arts, is so interwoven in the order of the divine providence with regard to man as to have become almost, if not quite, indispensably necessary to his general welfare; whereas, for nineteen centuries, men have lived, moved, and had their being, been happy on earth, and saved their souls for heaven, without having ever even conceived the notion of the propelling powers of steam, or the practicable wonders to which the electric current could be reduced. But this would only be an argument against their absolute necessity, and against the theory of their acknowledged utility, we have neither the desire nor reason to speak generally, while as Catholics we can most truthfully exclaim, "Heaven forefend that the welfare of the Church should depend upon the abolition or the existence of a stage-coach or a telegraph wire!" We simply desire to say that the fact that the nineteenth century has developed such wonderful results in these scientific branches does not, by any means, disprove the assertion that the principles from which they were evolved were born and known to exist in remoter periods. The mathematical knowledge necessary to their development was taught by the mathematicians centuries ago. Aye, and we even question whether any of the scientific results of the present day will be counted as displaying more marvellous ingenuity than such displays of skill as that of Archimedes,

who destroyed the entire fleets of the enemies of his country by firing them through the means of reflecting glasses, while our modern engineers can produce but few if any evidences of their professional skill superior to the old Roman bridges and aqueducts. Of course many grave mistakes were made in old times concerning the form of the earth, the movements of the heavenly bodies, and similar questions, yet not greater or more silly than those made by modern free thought. Neither is the boasted increase of commercial importance in our days proportionably greater than was requisite for the population of the old world before the discovery of the new. Indeed, taking all things into consideration, we feel that we can safely say that the science of surgery alone, of all the offspring of wisdom, can be called a debtor to modern thought for any new revelations of wonder or power; and if we should require any authority for our effort at a general upsetting of modern conceit, we will summon to the witness-stand one whose testimony will certainly not be impugned through prejudice, either on his own part or that of his auditors—the champion of “the lost arts”—Mr. Wendell Phillips.

Let us now look at the social aspects of this question. Do we furnish our houses or deck our bodies more richly, more rarely or more extravagantly than did the ancients? Do our most luxurious and extravagantly devised banquets in the slightest degree approach to those of the classic feasts or mediæval pageants? But, above all, are our morals any better, or, considering our greater spiritual enlightenment, half as good as those of the heathen and barbarian?

And this, after all, is the real test of true progress; for what are material things and temporal triumphs in comparison with the graces of the mind and the refinement and welfare of the soul? What but instruments

are they towards that end, and what if they fail of their mission? True it is, indeed, that men do not ride around at the present day in martial guise of armor and casque, hewing down defenceless women and children, and pillaging and sacking their homes; neither are men dragged from their hearthstones to chains and death without the intervention of law—though sometimes they might be better off without it. The spirit of the age is adverse, *not to these results, but to that method* of attaining them. It ruins homes, and hearts, and reputations; it destroys families, but it uses different weapons. The malicious libel of a free press will poison as surely as the Borgia's cup. The skilfully laid scheme of “business” swindling will cleave the brain as surely as the well-poised axe of a marauding baron. The secret shafts of social malice will pierce the heart as keenly as the well-pointed rapier of a vagrant knight-errant. The overreaching tact of our modern *public-spirited citizens* will rob a man of his lands and pull down his domestic castle as completely as a hostile band of mountain robbers. “Special legislation” and “snake bills” will pilage, and burn, and utterly ruin as effectually as a royal decree of a Nero or an Eighth Henry. And modern divorce laws will far more surely ruin the family circle than any incursion of robber soldiers.

We had conceived these sentiments when our eyes lighted on the following passage in a little work, entitled *Cloister Legends*, by a gifted English lady, Miss Elizabeth M. Stuart. They are so much in point that we venture, even at the risk of being tautological, to repeat them:

“The noble knights and ladies of the old time who inhabited those magnificent castles, the ruins of which remain to this day the marvel of architectural grandeur, did not, as it pleases the coarse and atheistical utilitarians of the present era to as-



sert, want for common necessities of furniture in their spacious halls and stately chambers. The frivolous sources of modern expenditure were of course unknown to them, and the wealth they amassed, fairly or unfairly, was lavished on objects of solid worth and magnificence."

Common sense and the slightest reflection indeed might show that the people who could build such fine houses would surely know how to live in them; that those who luxuriated in carving, and gilding, and painted windows, and tessellated pavements, would be able to procure tables and chairs, and would not want for blankets and sheets to beds which had coverlets of satin and velvet embroidered with silver and gold.

In those days, as, alas! also in these, existed the terrible contrast between rich and poor, but if the vassal in the country and the humble craftsmen in the towns had wooden cups and pallets of straw, when the nobles and gentry drank from silver and gold and slept upon "thrice-driven down," are the conditions of life more equal now?

Gold jewels, costly furniture, delicate viands, glittering equipages, are there not thousands who revel in these while thousands more are destitute of blankets and bedding, fire and food?

No person of tolerable information or common sense, indeed, can doubt that the condition of the humbler classes was one of much greater comfort in the days of the Plantagenets than in these. But those were Catholic days, and the Calvinist and the unbeliever are at perfect unity in misrepresentation here. Those were the *dark ages*, the ages of superstition, of ignorance, of barbarism, of discomfort, of starvation. They were *Catholic ages*, and all for these gentry is summed up in these two words. How could people who submitted to the teaching of the Church be other than wretched and barbarous!

The people were starving, the nobles in their castles had not the common necessities of furniture. Common sense, as we have already observed, might refute these stupid falsehoods, but we have the undeniable evidence of a host of learned antiquarians, from which we gather that in the grand baronial dwellings gorgeous luxury was not unaccompanied with comfort.

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The thirteenth century was not more wicked than the nineteenth. The fashion of iniquity has changed, that is all. Men do not ride out with a troop of armed followers, and harry their neighbors' estates, and drive away their cattle, and seize their plate and jewels, and burn down their houses, but they gamble in the stocks and speculate in mines and railroads, and in ways too numerous to mention manage to transfer other people's money to their own coffers, and slay the poor victim, not with lance and battle-axe, but with shattered fortunes and broken hearts.

In the thirteenth century, too, as in the nineteenth, the hour of reckoning to the ill-doer would come; that dreadful hour, which alike awaits the lofty and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the sinner and the saint; that hour which ravishes from the ill-doer the fruits of his ill-doing — *the hour of death*.

Ah! what matters in that supreme hour the manner of the sinner's sin? The fierce rude baron on his death-bed could no more shut his eyes to his own iniquity than can the usurer before whose dying eyes flit the pale forms of the widows and orphans whom he has wronged.

But the criminalities of the present day are without this redeeming feature, that of old when the Church held sway over the world, men who did these things had some straws of faith and repentance at which to grasp in their dying mo-

ments. Free thought has robbed them even of that by luring their souls to eternal perdition with her siren songs "Faith on Christ" and "the inutility of good works towards salvation," and when they are dead she hoodwinks the surviving mourners with verbose resolutions of the various societies of which the deceased were members, containing stereotyped phrases about "bowing to the decrees of an all-wise Providence" when he removes such "public benefactors," "genial associates," and "citizens of rare business tact." The wisdom of this providential dispensation is doubtless apparent to their victimized survivors, who are, however, deprived of the poor consolation which the Church gave in mediæval times, of proclaiming with regard to the doers of iniquity in those days, in language more candid, if not more kind, that their damnation was as good as sure.

Furthermore, men under the promptings of a faith which, where it has once existed can never be entirely crushed, did in old times sincerely repent of their misdeeds, while history's pages are resplendent with the narratives of the practical evidences of their penitential satisfaction.

Let us quote but one example of the workings of this spirit of faith, one of the aptest instances of history. Robert Bruce had murdered the Red Comyn within the consecrated precincts of the Gray Friars' church at Dumfries. Not even the justifying laws of warfare, not the rash hastiness of the deed, not his kingly power or well-earned love of the whole Scottish nation could save him from the anathemas of the insulted Church, or win for him the excuses of his outraged followers. Long and fiercely did he, with the persistence of a proud spirit, hold out against the command of the Church to seek reconciliation with an offended God. Victory deserted his standard, trials and troubles flocked around him, but could not

break his indomitable pride. But faith was in his heart, and that heart was naturally too noble to resist long the inspirations of grace speaking through the still, small voice of conscience. We need scarcely refer our readers to the beautiful scene sketched by the graphic pen of Walter Scott in his second canto of "The Lord of the Isles," wherein the Bruce, with a noble outburst of manly repentance, acknowledges his fault and is blessed by the Abbot, who came to ban him, nor need we tell how, in his subsequent career of glory, he never forgot the grace thus vouchsafed to him, but, with his dying breath, sent his dead heart, by the hands of "Douglas, tender and true," to rest near the holy sepulchre. But God was contented with the will of the penitent, as he was with Abraham's prompt obedience, and by a particular dispensation of his providence arranged that the kingly heart should rest amid the ruined cloisters of Melrose Abbey, among the people whom it had loved and saved.

But to resolve all these comparisons into a focus, we would simply say that there is no real struggle between antiquity, or what is styled by the enemies of the Church mediævalism, and modern progress. Progress as progress is simply nothing more than the natural development of the world, arranged by the divine economy to keep pace with the growth and wants of the world of men. Progress is neither sectarian nor denominational in its nature or character. God does not visit the sins and rebellion of men against his laws by depriving them as a general rule either of their natural powers of thinking and doing, or the fruitful results of their labor, inasmuch, however, as they do so rebel, their works, by a legitimate consequence, partake of and display the debasing consequences of their crimes. So Protestantism, or any other offspring of free thought, can no more lay claim, by a sort of natural right, to the development of

the world's greatness in any respect than it can to the creation of the heavens. One thing alone can it claim as its birthright,—the mess of pottage, the conglomeration of debasing influences which its licentious spirit of freedom has made to keep pace with and adulterate all that in the natural order it has produced or vainly endeavored to improve. For its creations are, by its own confession, far inferior to those of the heathen and the barbarian. The Church, on the other hand, claims, and rightfully claims as her divinely borrowed gifts to men, everything which they have of good. All that was ennobling in the ancient heathen was the workings of the heavenborn inspiration in the soul of man; in so much she respected them as the works of her heavenly spouse, in so much she blessed and fostered their development, so likewise does she act with the fruits of modern improvement, but the glorious creation of her triumphant eras of undisputed sway over humanity are not second in their refulgence to the borrowed lustre she derives from her patronage of those produced in less favored periods. The only charge that can be brought against her is that in her solicitude for men's souls she scrutinizes with jealous care the products of their finite wisdom ere she gives them her benediction. In this she has never used any more than the ordinary policy of even her enemies in worldly wisdom, nor with no more odious delays and devices. She may thereby have been far more slow than the champions of modern progress, but she was surely, as their own vagaries

prove, ten thousand times more certain. No work of any age, bearing her blessing, has ever failed to stand the test of adverse criticism. Can our modern progressionists say as much of theirs? She, by the providence of God, is the teacher of the world, her crown is surmounted by the inspiring dove, and she has from the beginning, and will until the end, teach ALL TRUTH. Slanderers may revile her, impious men may contradict her, conceited 'fools may blaspheme her and drown her voice, just as the politicians of the free-thought school have robbed her, but so surely as their machinations and the false doctrines of heretics have in every age been brought to naught, so surely will her wisdom, always and everywhere, reign supreme, the correctness of her judgment prove itself.

Oh beautiful, all-sufficient, and ever-enduring providence of God! which has given us the Church for our teacher, and the lamp of divine faith whereby to read her teachings, while with overflowing hearts we thank thee, with tremulous lips we pray thee keep us humble in our knowledge of thy truth, and steadfast in our loyalty thereto, amid the darkness of doubt and the glamour of glittering error. Teach us so to use even thy temporal blessings as to convert them into potent instruments of eternal life, and may thy Holy Spirit's refulgent inspirations so win the hearts and enlighten the minds of all the sons of men, that we may kneel on earth before thee in the unity of truth, and praise thy incarnate wisdom with one voice forever in heaven.



# LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

## FIFTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: In my last letter I dwelt at considerable length on the principal foundation-stone of "the Church of England *by law established*," namely, the act of supremacy; I will now proceed to the structure which was erected upon it.

SALMON.—"Soon after the rising of Parliament a proclamation was published prohibiting the Bishop of Rome to be called Pope, and requiring the name to be erased out of all the instruments and records where it was mentioned." (Mod. Hist.)

COLLIER.—"In November following, Cranmer ordered an alteration in the archiepiscopal style, struck out 'Legate of the Apostolic See,' and put in 'metropolitan' instead of it." (Hist.)

The actions of this individual ought, I think, to be carefully observed, for he has been highly extolled, and elevated to the rank of the most eminent saint in the parliamentary establishment.

BURNET.—"Cranmer was so extraordinary a person that it was, perhaps, fit there should be some ingredients in his temper to *lessen the veneration* which his great worth might have raised *too high* if it had not been for those *feeblenesses* which, upon *some occasions*, appeared in him." (Hist.)

If the word of Burnet can be depended upon we shall, without doubt, behold much in the conduct of Cranmer that will edify, and make his blemishes appear as a few dark spots judiciously disposed to set off to greater effect the more brilliant and pleasing traits of his character.

COLLIER.—"He was obliged, be-

fore his consecration, to take the customary oath to the Pope. But, by an expedient of a secret protestation, he tried to save his liberty and renounce every clause in the oath which barred him doing his duty to God, the king, and his country."

This gentleman means there were some strains of art and deceitful practice in this transaction, and I am altogether of his mind. For this protest was not made at Rome to the Pope; Cranmer's proxies had no such instructions as appears by the instrument. Had this reserve been insisted on in the consistory, it is certain the Bulls for consecration never would have been granted. We cannot conceive the Pope would have agreed to this latitude, so that it is plain the oath was not taken in the sense of the imposer. Surely Cranmer was an adept at *lessening veneration* for his worth, since one of the *feeblenesses* of his nature is to commit *perjury*!

LORD HERBERT.—"The supremacy being invested in the king by the approbation of his Parliament . . . neither the example of others which subscribed, nor the terror of the statute, could hinder divers religious persons to continue in their former opinions, insomuch that they openly spoke against the king's supremacy. Which being made known, caused him to advise with his council concerning punishment. Some, indeed, thought that imprisonment, banishment, or the like, was chastisement enough for those who, confessing the king's supreme authority in all temporal matters, did, out of scrupulosity rather than malice, impugn the rest.

But when it was objected again, both that the number was too great for either of these punishments, and that the law having made the offence to be death, it was not safe to go less, especially when some exemplary justice might contain the rest in obedience. Therefore some priors, and other ecclesiastical persons that were criminal in this kind (denying the king's supremacy), being guilty of the statute, and this year condemned as traitors, were executed, being the first that suffered in this kind. This piece of *justice* was not yet grown so familiar with our king but that it troubled him much, for he would have been glad not to be compelled to such violent courses; therefore he not only mourned inwardly, but caused his head to be polled, and his beard, formerly shaven, to be cut round; though others facetiously interpret it to be nothing else than the putting upon a new dignity a new countenance; but if he proceeded thus rigorously against the opposers of his supremacy, he did not less punish the many pretended reformers and contradicators of the Catholic religion, . . . so that on both sides it grew a bloody time. Only as our king found the terrors already given did not suffice to keep the rest in awe, he resolved to make some great examples." (Life of Henry.)

COLLIER.—"The king, not enduring any opposition to his new title, resolved to proceed to extremities against Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. He began with the bishop. . . . Fisher was hardly used during his imprisonment. In a letter to Cromwell he acquaints that minister with his want of necessaries, and that he had not clothes, fire, nor proper diet allowed him. He likewise complained of the ill usage of some persons sent by the king to discourse with him in prison. . . . After he had lain in the Tower about a year he was brought to trial. The Bishop was found guilty upon the indictment of high treason for declaring: 'The

King, our sovereign Lord, is not supreme head on earth of the Church of England!' He was executed on the 22d of June, in the 77th year of his age. . . . When he came to the scaffold they offered to help him up, but he desired them to let him alone, and *they would see him shift well enough for himself.* He went up the stairs with unusual liveliness and strength, so that those who knew his age, and the weakness of his constitution, were very much surprised. He observed the king's orders so as to be very short in his speech. He told the people 'He came to die for the faith of Christ's Holy Catholic Church; he gave God thanks for supporting him with resolution for the occasion, and that the fear of death had hitherto made no impression upon him. He desired their prayers that he might continue his adherence to every point of the Catholic faith, and stand firm and unshaken to the last moment. And lastly, he begged Almighty God to preserve the king and kingdom, and bless his majesty with a good council.'

"As to his character, he was a person of learning and exemplary life.

"The king thought the terror of Fisher's execution might have made an impression upon More. But the event proving otherwise, there was an order to examine him farther upon the point of the supremacy, as settled by act of Parliament. . . . Sir Thomas More declared the Parliament had power to make a king, because the whole nation concurred to the bill, either in person or by representation, for which reason the subject was bound to acquiesce. But the king had not the vote of all Christendom to settle a supremacy of the Church, which is one and universal. . . . Which way the jury reached him is not easy to account for. However, they brought him in guilty of high treason." (Eccles. Hist.)

SALMON.—"To show the nature of these trials for denying the king's

supremacy, the jury, out of regard for the character of three priors, who were men eminent for their piety and their virtues, could not be brought to give a verdict against them the first day. When Cromwell, the king's vicar-general, demanded what they meant by this conduct, the jury answered, they could not find those Fathers guilty as malefactors, whereupon Cromwell threatened they should suffer death as malefactors themselves if they did not bring in the prisoners guilty; and in a manner compelled the jury to convict them. Whereupon sentence was passed, and they were executed as traitors at Tyburn." (Mod. Hist.)

CUNNINGHAM. — "Cromwell was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, in Surrey. At his native place young Cromwell received an imperfect education; he left the country for the Continent. At Antwerp he found employment in the English factory. He afterwards served under the Duke of Bourbon, and is said to have been present at the sack of Rome in 1528. This connection may have had some influence in leading him to those *Protestant sentiments* which he afterwards professed. On returning to England Cromwell became a confidential servant to Cardinal Wolsey. . . . On Wolsey's death he devoted himself to the service of the king. . . . Shortly after giving a bold specimen of his political skill, and of his disposition, it may be, to gratify his master by drawing from the clergy, with royal authority, the sum of £118,840, on the allegation that the oath of allegiance to the Pope, taken by the bishops at their consecration, was illegal, he received the honor of knighthood, and was admitted to the privy council. . . . In 1534 Henry, on being invested with ecclesiastical supremacy in England, appointed Cromwell his Vicar-General and Vicegerent, in virtue of which the king's supremacy was in a great degree committed to the minister." (Life of Cromwell.)

COLLIER. — "Cromwell had authority to visit all the bishops and archbishops in the kingdom. . . . About this time an order for regulating the pulpits, with reference to preaching and bidding of prayers, was set forth by the king and council.

"ITEM. It is ordained that every preacher shall preach once, in his greatest audience, against the usurped power of the bishop of Rome, and so after at his liberty; and that no man shall be suffered to defend or maintain the aforesaid usurped power. Farthermore, to keep unity and quietness in the realm, it is ordained no preachers shall contend openly in pulpit one against another, nor uncharitably deprave one another in open audience; but if any of them be grieved, one with another, let them complain to the king's Highness, or to the archbishop, etc. They must also declare Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn neither doubtful nor disputable, but to be a thing of mere verity, and so to be allowed in all men's opinions." (Hist.)

LORD HERBERT. — "Our king finding thus that businesses were safe on his part, proceeded more confidently in his intentions of suppressing, together with the Pope's authority, all those who supported it. And because he thought monasteries did furnish more able men to contest with him on this point than any part else, he advised how to proceed with them." (Life of Henry.)

BURNET. — "There were also two other motives that inclined the king to this counsel. The one was, that he apprehended a war from the emperor, who was the only prince in the world that had any considerable force at sea. Therefore the king judged it necessary to fortify his ports, and seeing the great advantages of trade which began to rise much, was resolved to encourage it. For this end he intended to build many havens and harbors. This



was a matter of great charge, and as his own revenue could not defray it, so he had no mind to increase the taxes, therefore the suppression of the monasteries was thought the easiest method of raising money." (Hist. Ref.)

(NOTE. — No havens or harbors were built.)

COLLIER. — "Cromwell being authorized by the king's letters-patent, under the broad seal, to constitute deputies for a visitation, made choice of Richard Layton, Thomas Legh, William Petre, Doctors of the Law, etc., for this purpose. . . . About this time Cranmer made his visitation. He did not venture upon this branch of jurisdiction without the king's license; for now the bishops could do little without an authority from the *crown*. . . . And now the time for the other visitation drawing on, the king issued out letters of inhibition to the Archbishop of Canterbury, charging him and his suffragans not to visit the clergy or religious, till the regal visitation was over; meaning that which was to be managed under the Vicar-General Cromwell. And thus all Episcopal jurisdiction was laid asleep, and almost struck dead by the regale during the king's pleasure. The next month Layton, etc., began their general visitation under Cromwell. They were furnished, at least some of those first named, with a plenitude of power to visit archbishops, bishops, and the rest of the superior clergy, and to correct and reform, and exercise all manner of discipline which belonged to ecclesiastical jurisdiction. They had likewise an authority to confirm or null the elections of prelates; to order instalments; to give institutions and inductions; to sequester the fruits of livings; to deprive or suspend archbishops, bishops, etc.; to convene synods, and preside in them; and to make such reformatations and orders as they should deem expedient. They had likewise an authority for trying

all ecclesiastical causes, and executing censures upon those who either refuse to appear or abide by the sentence. And as to monasteries they had, as it were, an unlimited authority, and were empowered to allow pensions to such as were disposed to quit that way of living." (Eccles. Hist.)

SALMON. — "The visitors, who were far from being friends to the monks, gave them to understand that the king was so exasperated at the conduct of some of their brethren that they must expect the utmost rigor of the law if they were found obnoxious, insinuating at the same time that their wisest course would be to surrender the houses into the king's hands, and not hazard the involving themselves in the same ruin with those monastics whose obstinacy had proved fatal to them; whereupon the monks of several convents thought fit to surrender their houses to the crown." (Mod. Hist.)

HERBERT. — "Upon these and other injunctions, joined to the inquisition aforesaid, the commissioners found means to make divers monasteries obnoxious, for upon the petition of divers monks who were *weary* of their habits, . . . the king seizing on the house, commanded that they who were professed under twenty-four should be set at liberty, as being thought too young to make a vow as they ought, or, indeed, to keep it; that they who were above twenty-four when they made their vow might have leave to depart, if they would. At which time the men, if in orders, should have a priest's habit given them, and forty shillings in money; the nuns should have only a gown, such as secular women wear, and liberty to go where they would. The condition yet of some being better, who for surrendering their houses to the king (to which by threats and fair words they were induced), got small pensions during their lives. Others, by pay-

ing great sums to the king and Cromwell, redeemed their monasteries from the present calamity; yet so, as even from these also, divers jewels and church ornaments were taken away to the king's use." (Life of Henry.)

HUME.—"But as all these expedients did not fully answer the king's purpose, he had recourse to his usual instrument of power, the Parliament, and in order to prepare men for the innovations projected, the report of the visitors was published, and a general horror was endeavored to be excited in the nation against institutions which to their ancestors had been objects of the most profound veneration. . . . As it was known that the king's intention in this visitation was to find *pretence* for abolishing monasteries, we may naturally conclude that the reports of the commissioners are very little to be relied on. Friars were encouraged to bring in informations against their brethren; the slightest evidence was credited, and even calumnies, spread abroad by the friends of the Reformation, were regarded as grounds of truth." (Hist. Eng.)

COLLIER.—"It is proper to defend the memory of the monks against certain imputations laid upon them. When the monks were settled in the reign of King Edgar, they promoted a general improvement. They were very industrious in restoring learning, and retrieving the country from the remarkable ignorance of those times. Their labors were answered with success; the face of things was so changed by the endeavors of Dunstan and his master, Ethelwold, that in a short time learning was generally restored and began to flourish. From this period (10th century) the monasteries were the schools and seminaries of the whole people. For the universities, if we had more than one, were then very slender societies, and the muses were confined, as it were, to the cloister. . . . The monks bred their

novices to letters, and to this purpose every great monastery had a peculiar college in each of the universities. And even to the time of their dissolution they maintained great numbers of children at school for the service of the Church. From hence it appears the monks deserved a fairer character than is sometimes given them." (Eccles. Hist.)

HIGGINS.—"Monasteries were first founded, by the piety of our ancestors, with a charitable design, to give a retreat to such persons as had a mind to detach themselves from the affairs of the world and dedicate their lives to the service of God in a state of quiet and devotion; by these people were the hungry fed, the naked clothed, and the dead buried, with all other acts of charity which seem essential to the spirit of Christianity." (View of Eng. Hist.)

HALLAM. — "The monasteries were subjected to strict rules of discipline, and held out, at the worst, more opportunities for study than the secular clergy possessed. In the original principles of the monastic orders, and the rules by which they were governed, there was a spirit of meekness, self-denial, and charity that could not wholly be effaced. These virtues were inculcated by the religious ethics of the middle ages, and in the relief of indigence it may, upon the whole, be asserted that the monks did not fall short of their profession. . . . The virtues of the monks assumed a still higher character when they stood forward as protectors of the oppressed. By an established law, founded on very ancient religious rules, the precincts of a church afforded sanctuary to accused persons. Under a due administration of justice, this privilege would have been simply and constantly mischievous, as we properly consider it in those countries where it still subsists. But in the rapine and tumult of the middle ages, the right of sanctuary was a

shield for helpless innocence. We can hardly regret, in the desolating influence that prevailed, that there should have been some green spots in the wilderness, where the feeble and the persecuted might find refuge. How must this right have enhanced the veneration for religious institutions! How gladly must the victims of internal warfare have turned their eyes from the baronial castle, the dread and scourge of the neighborhood, to those venerable walls, within which not even the clamor of arms could be heard to disturb the chant of holy men and the sacred service of the altar! The protection of sanctuary was never withheld." (Middle Ages.)

LORD HERBERT.—"Thus were the monasteries dissolved, yet with care, that hospitality and husbandry should be kept by the farmers of the said religious houses, and the lands belonging to them, upon penalty of paying every month £6 13s. 4d., for which reason also our king did pass them away at such easy rates." (NOTE.—Undeniable proof that the religious houses were remarkable for hospitality.) "Nevertheless, as the penalty—being not ordinarily required—due hospitality was for the most part neglected. . . . And now of these ancient monuments of devotion, three hundred and seventy-six being dissolved, a revenue of about thirty or thirty-two thousand pounds yearly fell into the king's hands, besides goods and chattels, which at low rates were valued at £100,000." (Life of Henry.)

COLLIER.—"However, the enriching of the crown in this way did not give general satisfaction. For no less than ten thousand persons were sent into the world unfurnished and undone by this operation. To see the monks and nuns wander about the country for their bread, and the churches pulled down, profaned, and turned to barns and pigeon-houses, was no agreeable spectacle." (Eccles. Hist.)

SOUTHEY.—"With respect to these ten thousand persons that were cast upon the world, the greater monasteries had no inclination to receive them. The king cared not what became of them after he had given them a new gown and forty shillings. . . . And it cannot be denied that the number of wanderers was increased by this ejection, and that some gray hairs must have gone down in misery to the grave." (Book of the Church.)

MISS AIKIN.—"The suppression of the monasteries was now carried on with increasing vigor, and thousands of their unfortunate inhabitants were mercilessly turned out to beg or starve. These, dispersing themselves over the country in which their former hospitalities had rendered them generally popular, worked strongly on the passions of the people, already discontented at the imposition of new taxes, which served to convince them that the king and his courtiers would be the only gainers by the plunder of the Church; and formidable insurrections were in some counties the result. In Lincolnshire the commotions were speedily suppressed by the interposition of the Earl of Shrewsbury and other loyal noblemen; but it was necessary to send into Yorkshire a considerable army under the Duke of Norfolk. Through the dexterous management of this leader, who was judged to favor the cause of the revolters as much as his duty to his sovereign and a regard to his own safety would permit, little blood was shed in the field; but much flowed afterwards on the scaffold, where the Lords Darcy and Hussey, Sir Thomas Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and several private gentlemen, suffered as traitors." (Memoirs of Elizabeth.)

Queen Catharine did not live to witness these proceedings, which would have grieved her more than her own injuries.

LORD HERBERT.—"Anne Boleyn



being without a competitrix for her title, thought herself secure. But prosperity is a dangerous estate to those that use it not reverently." (Life of Henry.)

COLLIER.—"And thus relying too much on the establishment of her greatness, managed with less caution and reserve than was required to preserve her in the king's esteem. But this, it may be, was not the entire cause of her ruin, for it is certain the king had already removed his affection to Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour. . . . The queen, though she always defended her honor, and denied the height of the charge" (which was one of a most disreputable nature), "yet she confessed enough to prove she had been airy to indiscretion, taken improper freedoms, and conversed out of guard." (Eccles. Hist.)

SALMON.—"The queen was suffered to live but four days after her trial, so much in haste was the king to possess his new mistress; and yet in this short interval did he oblige her to confess she was contracted to the Earl of Northumberland before she married the king; and upon this confession he was divorced from her by Cranmer, though Northumberland made oath there never was any such contract." (Mod. Hist.)

We have heard Cranmer, the Apostle of the Reformation in England, pronounce, under the guidance (as he blasphemously termed it) of the

Holy Spirit, a divorce between Henry and his Queen Catharine. Immediately after, we behold him marry Henry, in a solemn manner, to Anne Boleyn. He now stands before us the agent in the business of another divorce. He comes forward to declare that the marriage which he had publicly celebrated between his favorite, Anne Boleyn (for a poet says, in allusion to her favoring the Reformation,

"And gospel light first beamed from Bullen's eyes,")

and the voluptuous Henry, "was never good nor consonant to the laws, but utterly void and of none effect; and that the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to Anne, was illegitimate, and disabled from inheriting the crown." The day after Anne Boleyn's execution, which was the 19th of May, 1536, Cranmer, notwithstanding his pretended sorrow for the fate of Anne, is ready to oblige the lustful monarch by joining him in unholy wedlock to a more pleasing and a more beautiful wife. And he submits to all this disgraceful baseness under the mask of promoting godly religion! Shame upon the miscreant that can thus truckle to the brutal passions of a lascivious and murderous tyrant! The blood boils in one's veins at the mere thought that such a mean and wretched slave to the pleasures of his master, should be held up to the respect and veneration of the people of England!

## A FLATTERING REMINISCENCE.

## I.

"A BEAUTY! an heiress! an eccentric guardian, whose invitation includes any friend you like to take with you for a few days' shooting. Why, my dear Fred, you have bound me to you forever by your selection of myself. I feel quite a new man already; for I must confess that, when you came in just now, I was suffering from an unusually desperate fit of the blues."

"Consequent, in a remote degree, on last night's supper," suggested Fred Clayton, "and a good deal also on the way you remain cooped up in these dismal quarters."

Fred glanced contemptuously round my dingy chambers as he spoke—a survey scarcely necessary, considering their intimate resemblance to his own adjoining rooms. However, I forbore any remark; indeed the delightful prospect just presented to me absorbed all my attention, and I grasped my friend's hand in a fever of gratitude.

"Tell me all about it," I said, "and how you came to think of me."

"There is nothing to tell," replied Fred, seating himself on the corner of the table and swinging his legs backwards and forwards lazily. "This morning I got a letter from an old fellow in the country, reminding me—as if I could remember it—that he and my father had been friends thirty years ago, and asking me down to his place for a few days' shooting, with permission to bring a friend if I liked."

"And his niece that you told me of—the heiress?" said I.

"Oh, of course he did not mention her," said Fred; "and I merely tell you because, if you choose to put yourself under my guidance, I may be the means of helping you to a good thing. You know," he added

more deliberately, "how disinterested my assistance can be after the little confidences we exchanged last night."

"True," said I, charmed with the recollection,—“the pretty Miss S—;—the secret engagement—”

"Yes," interrupted Fred; "you know all about it; and we know more about each other than most fellows; so it was natural I should think of you as companion for my holiday, and I'm right glad you're inclined for the trip."

So saying, and silencing my renewed protestations of pleasure, Fred left me, appointing a rendezvous at the first train leaving for our destination, some two or three hours later.

Fred Clayton and I had been schoolfellows in our early days, and many of his vacations were spent in my father's house. Of late years, however, he had lived exclusively in the city; like me, a young aspirant to the uncertain honors of the bar, but, unlike me, possessing a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and never without a superabundance of invitations to dinners, balls, and concerts; for Fred was said to be very popular, especially in ladies' society.

Except in the mere fact that we were both younger sons without any expectations, there was but little resemblance between Fred Clayton and Jack Harris. My residence in town only dated back a few months, and already the great city possessed no charm for me; I pined for the country, for freedom, and for the active life of home. I might, indeed, with the assistance of Clayton, or through letters of introduction from members of my own family, have procured fashionable invitations, and received partial toleration in society; but the prospect of a crush, heated

rooms, and strange faces, was a thought of terror to my timid nature, especially with the underlying chance of presentation to a young lady, and the unhappy knowledge that my deficiencies in the art of small talk would make such a chance a perspective martyrdom. No; I confessed in my own heart that society was not my forte; other talents I certainly had—deeper, more intrinsic merits than those that passed for genuine in a ball-room—but they were merits to develop in an atmosphere of peacefulness and repose; qualities to expand in the quiet of a domestic hearth; and a thrill of joy shot through me as, cramming every available article of clothing into a small portmanteau, I took leave of my comfortless chambers, and allowed my fancy to dwell on a brilliant possibility, that Clayton's words had evoked. An heiress, and a beauty—a country beauty of course; blushes and simplicity, and rich—how rich? Rich enough to live on a grand estate; to keep a large stud; to dispense princely hospitality? I must ask Fred. This, however, was secondary. I would not of course acknowledge myself to be mercenary. Love must come first; love independent of fortune—

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought."

So I assured myself; but then, in all candor, I did not anticipate any very great difficulty on this score, for I had ever been painfully susceptible of the tender passion. Finally, for success, I must trust somewhat to my own individual attractions (and here a nervous tremor seized me), and not a little to the co-operation of my friend, for whose pre-engagement I was more gratified than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

## II.

"FIFTY thousand pounds," said Clayton, in answer to my inquiries, when we had secured a *coupé* to ourselves, and were preparing it for the

comfort of all future travellers by lighting our cigars; "fifty thousand, my boy, and the estate, if you consent to take her name."

"Her name! What is her name?" I asked.

"Effing,—Miss Effing," he replied. "And now, if you think the attempt worth making, I will let you know how the land lies, and give you a sketch of your campaign. The time is short, and of course I cannot insure you a second invitation if all is not concluded during our present trip. Now then, old fellow, *pro* or *con*?"

My reply was given with a fervor quite warranted by the occasion.

Fred Clayton threw himself back in his seat, and after arriving, by much perseverance, at a sufficiently comfortable position, he began his instructions, interrupted only by an occasional puff at his cigar, which momentary pause rendered his words all the more impressive; at least I fancied so.

"Our great difficulty," said he, "is the uncle, Mr. Merrick—his name is Merrick. I told you before he was eccentric; but that is not the word,—'exacting' describes him better. He is awfully exacting, and possesses immense influence over his niece; an influence so great that his choice would be hers, even were she not still under age, which I believe she is. My dear fellow, all depends upon the impression you make in that quarter. I cannot exaggerate the importance of devoting yourself from the very first to Merrick,—studying his tastes, sharing his pleasures, and attaching him firmly to your interests. The old fellow is so selfish in insisting on these attentions that I don't think, were I even free, I could stand enough of his society to insure success. But there's no knowing; the prize is well worth winning, and perfectly attainable through him, and through him alone."

"And about Miss Effing?" I inquired.



"Miss Effing is a charming girl," said Fred; "quite young, and ready to believe anything bad of a lover her uncle condemns. Being an heiress and a beauty, she has already received several proposals, but all have been rejected in consequence of the suitors having had the egregious folly to pay more attention to the niece than to the uncle."

So then the uncle was the only real difficulty; not a very grave one, I thought. At all events, forewarned was forearmed, and I inwardly vowed to tax my patience to the utmost for so great a stake. At the moment it never occurred to me how remarkably well-informed Clayton appeared on all that concerned our future hosts. I was only too glad to find him so well able to advise me, and perhaps a little relieved that the great result did not involve much courtship or attendance on a young lady.

We were not long in arriving at the station, where a carriage was in waiting to receive us; and after a rather cold drive of a couple of miles we reached our destination.

Mr. Merrick's, or Miss Effing's house,—for I did not know to whom it actually belonged,—was a large, handsome building, situated in a fine park, with undulating lawn and well-planted trees; so much was I able to perceive in the growing darkness.

Our arrival had been heralded by a handsome pointer that we found reposing on the terrace; and on alighting, we were met by Mr. Merrick, who treated me to a long and most unequivocal stare, and after greetings and introductions, hurried us off to our several apartments to prepare for dinner.

I shall never forget that dressing. I had heard so much of first impressions, I believed in them so implicitly, that my anxiety to produce the proper effect almost amounted to frenzy, and I could have strangled Fred Clayton for his coolness and equanimity, when he good-naturedly came into my room to accompany

me down through the ordeal of a first appearance in the drawing-room.

Miss Effing was there, and the moment I saw her, I understood the failure of all former suitors; I realized the almost superhuman effort that would be necessary voluntarily to resign such companionship for that of the superannuated uncle, and resolved to steel 'myself' by the constant recollection of my predecessors' fates. Graceful, witty, and lively to a degree, no wonder the old man dreaded to lose the sunlight of her presence, and the affectionate charm of her manner towards himself.

With exemplary fortitude I dashed at my task, and before the evening was over found myself, to my great surprise, established as the chosen companion of Mr. Merrick. I listened with admirably-got-up-interest to long, dreary anecdotes of his past experiences, comprising minute details of the dates and even the hours at which people, long since dead, had been born—the memories of these old people are always prodigious!—and submitted to an account of his present devotion to the collecting of minerals, which now occupied all his time, except during the shooting season, for the old gentleman was very proud of still being able to carry a gun.

Of course I immediately professed myself an enthusiast on the subject of mineralogy, and was forthwith carried off in triumph to a large cavernous den, to admire what he called his specimens.

The examination of these hideous little bits of tin and stone lasted, what appeared to me about two hours; and when, ultimately, we returned to the drawing-room, human nature asserted its rights, and unconsciously I stole over to the piano, where Miss Effing's fairy fingers were wandering listlessly over the keys, while Fred Clayton stood beside her looking through some music. Immediately a wandering glance from Fred recalled me to a

sense of danger, and turning in the direction of Mr. Merrick I perceived an unmistakable scowl upon his face, as he watched the party. Hastening to his side, I succeeded partially in removing it, by the proposal of a game of chess, which absorbed all his faculties, and agonized all mine, till the general move was made for retiring.

As I approached Miss Effing to wish her good-night, I overheard the old tyrant remark, condescendingly, to Fred, "Your friend is an intelligent fellow; we sympathize, and I like him; rather superficial in mineralogy, but we must try and remedy that by making the most of our time, as your stay will not extend beyond a few days. In fact the young man quite interests me: I wish you had his tastes, Frederick."

So virtue was rewarded, and I had made a good impression.

### III.

THE next morning we started early, intent on the wholesale slaughter of partridges; and on this occasion Fred hurt his hand so severely as to incapacitate him from joining our future expeditions; in fact, every possible combination of circumstances favorable to my advancement in the good graces of Mr. Merrick seemed to surround me. To say what an effort it required to submit cheerfully to his perpetual presence would be impossible. He appeared, after a little, to regard my continual companionship as a matter of course; and so well had I acted my part, that the man actually believed I enjoyed his society. Presuming, therefore, on my established popularity, I ventured casually, on an occasion that appeared favorable, to introduce the subject of his niece into one of our conversations.

"Ah," said he, and his face grew hard instantly, "Bella requires to be watched closely. She is so honest and noble-minded herself, that she cannot understand the mercenary

designs of the butterflies that flutter about her. But I never lose sight of her; I am always there to ward off artful attentions, and keep would-be suitors at bay. I am always there, and I shall be always there; but," he added, changing his tone, which had been growing excited, "it is well we are free from such intruders at present. I have never seen so little of my niece as during your visit. You have made me forget myself and her; but then it is only once in a lifetime that one may meet so congenial a spirit as yours; and, as for Frederick, Bella knows—and he would not dare *now*,"—he stopped with a growl.

Mr. Merrick was then aware of Clayton's secret engagement. This accounted for what had already somewhat puzzled me,—his apparent indifference to the young and fascinating lawyer's constant *fête-à-fête* with his niece; but his marked emphasis on the word *now* solved the incongruity, and also betrayed what would have been his tactics, had he not felt secure; and yet such knowledge argued a more intimate association with Fred's affairs than I should have expected from a man whose present hospitality was founded on a thirty-years-ago acquaintanceship with his father; but, on reflection, I detected in it an act of generosity on the part of my friend, who had evidently taken the old man into his confidence, to set his mind at ease, and leave him perfectly free to be won over by me.

So time wore on, and, as the day fixed for our departure approached, I began to feel a trifle qualmish, in spite of the undeniable favor shown me by Mr. Merrick. It was all very well to have secured the uncle,—if I had secured him; but was I certain of securing the niece? I had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with her. Old Merrick had remorselessly absorbed every second of my time,—the covers all day, mineralogy and chess all the evening, till the very

sight of a chess-board generated a nausea that I have never since got rid of; and the suspicion that the lady had been too much overlooked in our calculations, suddenly struck me with an uncomfortable sensation of doubt.

I determined to speak to Fred, and seized the opportunity that evening, when Miss Effing had retired, to propose a cigar on the terrace,—a proposition to which Fred readily consented. The case was speedily represented, and Fred's answer, as usual, concise.

"You have been admirable," he asserted, "and deserve, I must admit, immense credit for so fully carrying out our plans; and I feel that I cannot congratulate myself or you too heartily. Now, perceive the result: the old fellow swears by you, and I have drawn Miss Effing's attention to the high opinion entertained of you by her uncle. Of course, to alter your line of conduct now, would be to destroy everything. You would be accused of a *ruse*, suspected of intentions, and summarily ejected. Consistency, my dear fellow, believe me, unvarying consistency, is your only course,—unremitting devotion to the ogre; delicate diffidence towards the niece; and on the morning of our departure, when the near prospect of losing his congenial spirit, as he calls you, has unnerved our friend, a solemn interview in the library, a formal proposal, and you return to town an engaged man! Is it not as clear as daylight?—straight-forward and inevitable in every point, because so simple. You retain your pedestal, remain consistent, and the result comes about quite naturally, through and in consequence of that very consistency."

I looked at Fred with admiration: everything appeared so feasible when detailed by him in a few simple words; his very tones of semi-indifference had a wondrous power of conviction; and, moreover, my own common sense responded to the as-

sertion that a change of manner would be fatal. I saw my way now straight before me, plain and easy as an ordinary transaction of life, and the horizon grew bright with hope.

Warmly thanking my friend for the invaluable benefit of his shrewd sense and convincing advice, I withdrew to my room, my mind filled with more sanguine projects, more tangible hopes, than I had yet indulged in since the beginning of my adventure.

#### IV.

At length the momentous morning dawned. We had prolonged our few days' stay to a week, and our host had evidently determined not to renew his invitation, spite of the manifest pleasure my company gave him; so, almost before I could realize it, the eventful day arrived.

I passed a sleepless and disturbed night, several times starting from a confused, dreamy rehearsal of the interview I intended demanding in the morning, to fancy I heard whispering voices and confused sounds about the house, quite impossible at that late hour. Visions floated before me of the already approaching future; the events of the last few days seemed to spread back over half my life, so great was the importance attached to their issue; and now the culminating point was reached, I felt already the foreshadowing of my victory; for, had I not fulfilled every condition?—had I not accomplished the task in which every other competitor had failed? And the question of the young lady's possible opposition was merely doubtful enough to give excitement to the *dénouement*. Did not all young ladies first oppose, and ultimately yield, with very little persuasion, to all parents and guardians? How much more so then in the present case, where the circumstances were so exceptionally strong in my favor!

I had not been long awake, and was debating in my own mind whe-



ther or not to start on an early walk, and by a dose of fresh air to brace up my shattered nerves and stimulate them for the coming scene, when I was startled from my cogitation by a tap at the door, and almost immediately Mr. Merrick's servant stood before me. This was a most unprecedented occurrence; hitherto a servant had never entered my room without being summoned, and this man seldom even then.

A vague presentiment of evil seized me, and I turned uneasily to look at him. One glance sufficed; he was ghastly pale, and seemed half insane with alarm. Utterly unable to conjecture the cause, but certain that something terrible must have happened, I gasped, "What is it?"

"Oh, sir! don't you know?" said he—"are you sure you don't know? They're gone, sir—bolted—Mr. Fred and Miss Bella—the two of them, and the new maid—off in a post-chaise three good hours ago; and who's to tell the governor I don't know; I daren't."

The man might have gone on speaking forever—in fact he did go on; but beyond those few first words not a syllable was intelligible to me. My first impulse was to bound up and strangle him then and there, but the effort was a miserable failure, and I fell back powerless, paralyzed.

No suspicion of a possible mistake; no crumb of comfort in a momentary feeling of incredulity, sustained me; the man's manner bore the stamp of truth; his terror was too real, his statement too concise to leave room for a doubt. It was by no process of reasoning, by no mental review, by no recapitulation of events that the light broke in on me, but suddenly, in an instant, with the violence of a galvanic shock, I realized how completely I had been sold, utilized, taken in!

At last, a movement on the part of the servant attracted my attention; he was handing me a letter, and had probably been describing

how it came into his possession, but of this I had not heard a word. My sensations can be neither imagined nor described when, on looking at it, I recognized the writing of my traitorous friend. Had the viper left his sting there? I hesitated to touch the dishonored paper. At that moment a violent ringing of bells announced Mr. Merrick's *levee*; and throwing the note on the table, the distracted valet rushed from the room, muttering, "I cannot tell it—I cannot; Thomas must go to him."

Alone with my enemy, I screwed up my courage and broke the seal. The note was short, and ran as follows:

DEAR JACK: Pray accept my best thanks. But for your efficient aid we could never have successfully hoodwinked old Argus. You are an apt pupil, and I sincerely wish you equal success in all your future undertakings.

Yours, by all the bonds of gratitude,

FRED CLAYTON.

P. S.—Bella insists on apologizing; so I inclose.

There was then another epistle! I looked about: it had fallen on the floor. I opened it mechanically, and read:

DEAR MR. HARRIS: I hope you will forgive Fred. What he did was for my happiness. We have long been attached, and secretly engaged; but my uncle was so obdurate and so vigilant, that an elopement was our only refuge, and, but for your assistance, could not have been effected. Trusting soon to receive from your own lips pardon for a harmless stratagem, believe me, yours (by the time you receive this),

BELLA "CLAYTON" EFFING.

"Please, sir, Mr. Merrick wishes to speak to you."

The door of my room was wide open, and on its threshold stood the old butler, grave and severe of aspect. I followed him silently, too full of bitterness for words, but solacing myself with the reflection that in my host I should find a thorough sympathizer in my overwhelming anger and indignation.

I was ushered into a small sitting-room, where Mr. Merrick, in a flaming red dressing-gown, and absolutely purple with fury, was pacing up and down like a wild beast in a cage. Before I could open my lips he turned sharply round on me, and roared out, "So, sir, do you know I have sent for the police? Do you know you can be taken up for this conspiracy? I see it all now—the infamous plot, and the part you were brought here to play. Fool that I was!" "But, Mr. Merrick—" I began.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "Do you dare to taunt me? Have I not forbid Frederick Clayton this house scores of times? and, in letting Bella ask him here for a few days, could I refuse her first request on coming of age? Could I turn a guest, though uninvited, out of a house that was not my own? A guest, indeed!—a swindler, a blackguard, probably paid to amuse the uncle, and keep him off the scent."

His voice rose higher and higher as he proceeded; at the end he actually shrieked. But this was unbearable. My own temper had been severely tried, and endure more I could not.

"Mr. Merrick," I said, hotly, "such language, even under the circumstances—"

"Can't you leave off acting even now?" he burst in. "Confound your gaping look of innocence! Do you see this?" he cried, exhibiting a crushed letter, which he kept clenched in his hand. "They are married by this time, and your villany has so far succeeded; but the triumph shall not last long. I will hunt the scoun-

drel and his contemptible accomplice—yes, you—through every law court in Europe; I will publish his infamy in every newspaper, and proclaim it throughout the civilized world! You shall not escape me—you shall not!"

The madman shook his fist in my face, and glared at me like a tiger; but, staggered as I was by such revelations and accusations, I nevertheless made one more attempt at a protest. "Your nephew—" I began.

"My nephew!" he yelled, "do you think that reptile is my nephew? No, my fine keeper, I am no longer your dupe; I can see now through your shallow shamming, and I order you to leave my house. Do you hear? leave it instantly, or I will bid my servants kick you out," he cried, pointing to the door as he spoke.

I hesitated; Fate seemed too cruel. I felt that the smallest justification or explanation would lessen my misery; but before a sound could pass my lips, he had raised his hand with the savage menace, "One word more and I give the order."

There was nothing for me but to retreat; and retreat I accordingly did from the room and from the house, leaving instructions with the servants to send my belongings to the railway station—that station from which I had driven only a few days before with such pleasurable emotions and ambitious hopes.

Mr. Merrick's unexpected reading of the case had indeed brought my wrongs to a climax. It was not enough to have been the tool, the dupe, the catspaw of one I believed my best friend; I was also to be stigmatized as the confederate, the paid agent of a plot of which I was the principal victim. Truly I had reached the summit of human wretchedness.

The whole of the scheme which Miss (or Mrs.) Bella so obligingly called a "harmless stratagem," unfolded itself by degrees to my mind's eye; and, struggle as I would, I

could not banish the thought of how the designing pair must have chuckled over my credulity, and watched with malicious amusement my unremitting devotion to the avuncular conquest. The last drop of bitterness had been poured into my cup; a lifetime of experience had been crowded into the space of a few days, and swallowing my humiliation as best I could, I returned to

my chamber—a wiser, if not a better man.

It is scarcely necessary to add that long before the return of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Merrick had resigned himself to submit peaceably to the inevitable; and nothing more was heard of the terrible vengeance destined to overtake Fred Clayton and his guilty accomplice.

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### TO THE SAD HOUR OF YESTERDAY.

DEAR hour, sweet hour, come back again, e'en though you bring once  
more

That great, wild grief that sadly touched the heart so tried before,  
E'en though you make me coldly turn from those I hold most dear,  
And say, "All, all I leave; farewell—there's naught to rest on *here*."

And e'en though many a shadow dark you bring, I call you still,  
For but the memory of your stay sends through my heart a thrill  
Such as I feel when voices gone come back to me in thought,  
Or when I seem to find lost forms in some deserted spot.

Such! nay, as naught appears *that* thrill, when o'er me, sacred hour,  
Comes the remembrance of thy *blow*, which had so great a power  
To loose earth's fetters from my heart. Ah! freed, it swiftly soared  
Up to God's feet, and resting there, its sufferings forth it poured.

No; naught, indeed, to its hushed thrill, when toward it meekly bent  
The hand that Calvary's nail had crushed, and softly closed the rent  
Which thou, O world's deceit! hadst made, and then, in that torn palm  
With loving care each shed tear held, as though 'twere precious balm.

Greater its joy when whispering low, a god's voice sweetly said,  
"Poor earth—worn heart, because to me thou comest these tears to shed,  
And to no worldly friend or hope thou turnedst in thy grief,  
But at my feet, and from my hand, thou hopedst to find relief,

"Lo! each wrung tear of thine I take to heal my wounded hand,  
And for each pang of thine I clasp closer the holy band  
That binds thee to thy heavenly home—see! thou art nearer now  
Than when thou didst not dream to meet that sad hour with its blow."

Come back, sad hour, if you but bring such visions once again,  
Only sweet gifts earth's trials seem, and all its pleasures vain,  
As longing for your coming now, I seem to kneel and rest  
So softly at those holy feet, and by that hand be blest!



## XAVIER DE MERODE.

A STORM-BEATEN, rugged face, an eye telling too clearly the story of war, a figure not ungainly, but hardly at ease in a prelate's purple—this is our remembrance of the great and loyal man who has gone to his rest. God has taken from his abandoned Vicar the strong of body, the firm of purpose, the prince of noble lineage, and we feel the loss as if it had stricken our homes. The soldier turned priest, the frank, outspoken *sabreur* with a great, kind heart, the undiplomatic mind that went straight to its end without caring to conceal its rugged truth, however distasteful, by conventionalities, or diplomatic refinements, seemed just the man raised up by Providence to protect the Holy See in days of more than Machiavelian snares. There are strange stories of how his blunt outspoken words fell like a bombshell on the advancing courtesy of Imperial ambassadors, completely scattered their fine phrases, and hit right at the insidious proposal they were meant to cover. We do not profess to write a history of a life so full of incident. We merely pretend to put together a few scattered memories, as a sign of sorrow and respect.

In the rising of Belgium against the anti-rational and anti-Catholic rule of Holland, the historical name of Merode was one of the most glorious. Frederick de Merode sealed his love of Fatherland with his blood, falling in the fight in Berchem. His brother, Count Felix, was one of the founders of the new kingdom. Francis Xavier, the son of Felix, was then but a boy.

When he had finished his studies at the College of Namur, he found himself a young man with a splendid fortune, and splendid connections. His mother was a De Grammont. His brother, the Count Werner de

Merode, was owner of large property in France. One of his sisters married Montalembert. His cousin, Count Charles, was head of his house; and Charles's eldest sister became by marriage the Princess della Cisterna, mother of the great Piedmontese heiress, now wife to Prince Amadeo of Savoy. Francis Xavier might have claimed the right to spend his life as he liked; but he was not made for idleness, and he entered the Belgian army in 1841, as a simple sub-lieutenant in a regiment of the line, working at his profession as conscientiously as if his livelihood depended on it. A truly Christian young man, he practiced his religion faithfully without regarding the scoffs of his comrades. After a year or two, he passed into a crack cavalry regiment; but he could not bear the monotony of barrack life, and he threw himself into the perils and hardships of the war in Algiers, winning brilliant distinction on the staff of Marshal Bugeaud during 1844 and 1845. He attracted the attention of Lamoriciere, and won in the battle of Isly, that wonderful raid into the desert, the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The campaign over, he hung up his sword, and followed with a soldier's promptitude the call of God to the ecclesiastical state. This vocation was no doubt the fruit of the prayers of his holy mother, who had longed to see him a priest, and had deeply regretted his choice of the military life. He went to the capital of Christendom in 1847 to make his theological studies. The siege of Rome had filled its hospitals with wounded; in their service he began his sacred duties, and his devotedness drew upon him the attention of Pius the Ninth. He was then twenty-eight; and he only quitted his lowly apostolate among the soldiers whom

he loved to retire into the obscurity of a seminary.

He was summoned to the Vatican, and with Hohenlohe, Talbot, Pacca, and Borromeo, became one of the chamberlains of His Holiness. The varied nationality of the Pope's attendants made each of them an unofficial representative of the country to which they belonged, or of those who spoke the same language as their own.

Merode was, like his great comrade in arms, Lamoriciere, a man of no half-measures. His loyalty to Pius the Ninth was stanch as a soldier's, but affectionate as that of a child. Its very earnestness made him the undisguised adversary of every foe open or concealed of the master whom he loved and served. By birth and family traditions he was a lover of true Christian liberty, and a strong opponent to the Liberalism of Napoleon the Third. He, like so many others, could not forgive the Catholic journalists who lauded the successful hero of the *coup d'état*, and was one of those who saw, in the self-constituted defender of the Church, the old conspirator against its liberty. In Rome, where the Napoleonic idea was a reminder of irreligion and oppression, people were not deluded by the flattering words of the candidate for Imperial honors. They understood the Italian mind too well to be misled by Corsican eloquence. Besides which, the Princess Borghese and Baciocchi had lived amongst them, and early memories of Louis Bonaparte were not forgotten, nor his more recent letters to Edgar Ney. With none of the suppleness of diplomatic life, Merode was the irconcilable foe and opponent of the court of the Tuileries. His ruthless sayings passed from mouth to mouth, and they only became more trenchant as the insidious policy of the Emperor became more transparent. Still French ambassadors courted his acquaintance, and M. de Sartiges frequently invited him to his table.

General Guyon, who, while commander of the French army of occupation at Rome, assumed rather the airs of a general of Prætorians, is said to have complained that some words of Mgr. de Merode had been to him a "moral slap in the face."

His name will ever be connected with the heroic *gesta* of the little Pontifical army. He was the man who brought Lamoriciere to Rome, to put his splendid administrative talents and his military experience at the disposal of Pius the Ninth. An authority placed in the hand of a foreigner, and which overshadowed the statesmen of the Papal court, naturally excited jealousy, and Merode, who was named Minister of War, had to share the odium of the reforms which the General so courageously and firmly carried out. Lamoriciere was determined at all costs to break down abuses which justly irritated the population, or at least gave excuses to the paid agitators to foster discontent against the Papal government. And Merode had to share too the disgrace and the bitterness which followed Castel Fidardo, which, in the eyes of those who had condemned the scheme of armed resistance, seemed to justify all their previous opposition. Lamoriciere left his work to be carried on by Merode, and though the Minister of War was at last obliged to yield up his place and submit to what seemed like a condemnation of his previous efforts, the work he had begun found its reward in the creation of the army which saved the Papal States in 1867, and fell in glory in 1870.

Like Pius the Ninth and Lamoriciere, he felt that arms were not the true protection of a sovereign against his subjects; and while the flagrant violation of non-intervention, which allowed a hostile neighbor to foment rebellion in the Papal States, and to threaten by its regular and irregular troops their very existence, forced the Pontiff to maintain an army, he strove to destroy all well-grounded

reasons of complaint, so eagerly laid hold of and often created by the emissaries of the Revolution. He was anxious to give to Rome the benefits of modern improvements, and his ample fortune enabled him to spend largely and generously in the carrying out of his schemes. The street in part completed from the railway station to the Piazza Santi Apostoli, a work which he loved to direct in person, and the barracks at the Prætorian Camp, were signs of still greater changes to which the Piedmontese invasion put a stop. If not as great as the alterations which have been since effected, they were at least not so reckless, and the fury for building which has laden Rome with a crushing debt, threatened the sacred places of the Holy City, and turned a whole quarter of the town into a waste of trenches and unfinished foundations, stands reproved by the sagacious plans of the old soldier of Algiers. The only real work done, except the stables of the Quirinal, is the street, now called the Via Nazionale, which Merode had almost completed.

Merode's private life reflected nothing of the splendor of his great birth or high position. It was austere as that of a religious. When Minister of War he ate the bread given out to the soldiers. When he vacated that post he ate the coarse bread of the Trappists. His bed, his room were poor. His money was spent on others, or for the good of the Church. His excavations at the Tor Marancia, his discovery of the catacomb of St. Petronilla and of the ruins of the ancient Basilica, where he, the grandson of Lafayette, welcomed, as his last public act, the American pilgrims, are fresh in our recollection.

To such a man the post of almoner of the Pope seemed to belong by right, and the crowd of orphans, and poor, the boys of the Vigna Pia, the agricultural refuge and school, the religious of the many charitable

institutions he had founded or supported, all of whom pressed around his bier, showed how wisely Pius the Ninth had made his choice.

If his energy of character and uncontrollable truthfulness made him enemies, no one could know him without loving and admiring him. His acts of charity had an impress of his dash, his energy, and thoroughness; no haggling about a pound more or a pound less, no fine-drawn line between prudence and generosity, no long study of ways or means was to be found in him, but a sort of chivalrous determination to carry through his purpose when once he felt its necessity and had resolved on its execution.

The heat of this exceptionally warm summer struck him down. That cruel Roman fever in three short days ended his noble life. He had retired to rest earlier than usual on the 6th of July, in his little cell over his chapel. It was about the size of a ship's cabin, the light coming in by a small dormer window above. His couch was that of a soldier. He got up betimes next morning, but the death-shaft was deep in his breast. A bed was got ready in the vestibule to his chapel, and he lay down never to rise again. He bore the pain, which was intense, without a murmur. And so through the whole next day the agony grew greater. Over and over again, calmly and gravely, all through his illness, he said, in the language he had made his own, *Accetto, accetto di morire, Dio mio, perche lo volete, e lo voglio io, in (sic) causa dei miei peccati*—"I accept death, my God, because Thou wishest it, and I too wish it, because of my sins." His fervent acts of contrition, his expressions of humility brought tears to the eyes of all. He asked earnestly for the prayers of the dying, as the acute disease seemed to prophesy a speedy death. Those around him urged him to wait, there was time enough for them. "The prayers for the agonizing are good



at all times," was his reply; "my ideas are getting confused, I need those pious words to calm them. Read, read!"

Prayers were going up in every part of Rome for so precious a life. At seven o'clock in the evening, our Holy Father, who had been full of anxiety for his faithful servant, came to visit him. Thereupon Merode's face lit up with gratitude, and almost forgetting his sufferings, he congratulated the Pope on his looking so young and strong, and assured him that he willingly offered his own life that God might preserve that of His Vicar. Pius the Ninth took a seat at his bedside and for a half hour remained alone with the sick prelate. He left him with eyes brimming over with tears, and after he had with his august hands given him the Papal benediction. The Archbishop's old fire broke out once that day. Prostrate and weak though he was, he ordered certain sums of money to be given to the poor, and asked for his check-book to draw the money from the bank. When those around hesitated, he threatened to get up and do it himself if they would not help him. The next day, Wednesday, he was slightly better, and he profited by the slight reprieve to give himself all the more ardently to acts of compunction. After Holy Communion, which he had received the previous day, he saw a number of people, who were astonished at the gayety and courage with which he was going out to meet death.

Towards evening Madame Montalembert, his sister, arrived, and she spent the rest of the time by his bedside. He was reminded that he ought by his last will to provide for the numberless orphans he had protected in life. Only three-quarters of an hour before his end, he destroyed one of an earlier date, and then with perfect clearness and calm dictated to his sister his wishes with regard to his property. He made

his brother Werner the trustee for the poor children. That was on Thursday. Holy Communion had again been given to him, and the crowd of friends and the many prelates of the palace in the room were struck by the marked way he answered to the prayers for a departing soul. During the day he had his servants round his bed, and bade them each good-by, assuring them that he had provided for them. As the night drew on he redoubled his prayers—only interrupted by his making his will. Then, up till close on twelve, he renewed his devotions. Suddenly his speech and sight failed him. In another five minutes he was gone.

The great transept of St. Peter's was crowded at his funeral. Among his mourners were the boys and girls who became orphans a second time by his death. There is a spot beneath the shadow of the dome, where, if one has much choice as to his place of burial, he would certainly wish to repose. It is a green quadrangle, out of which rise some venerable cypresses. Constantine laid there soil from the Holy Land. *Teutones in pace* is on its gates, and Merode's remains were to lie with those of the Germans, whose cemetery it is. And over its wall of inclosure you see the Basilica rising up, so near at hand, that the dust of those who sleep there might almost be said to mix with that of the Apostle's, the Pope's, and Saints, who are shrined within St. Peter's. A side door leads to it from the church, which, since the fatal 20th September, 1870, has never been opened. The Piedmontese guard would fain have stayed the funeral cortege, as, bearing the body of the Archbishop, they went out to the hallowed graveyard. The people round about forced a way through them. The old priest-soldier was victorious even in death. *Requiescat in pace.*

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Fitch-Sherman wedding at Washington was quite an event. All honor to the Catholic spirit shown in it, which eclipsed even its worldly dignity.

On no less high authority than that of the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, we announce the startling news, that General Sherman has committed political suicide, and that Ulysses S. Grant is the last President of the United States. The days of the American Republic are numbered. This is how it all has come to pass. General Sherman himself is a Protestant, but by permitting his wife and children to be "Romanists," and allowing "popish" ceremonials at his daughter's wedding, he has killed all his chances for ever becoming General Grant's successor in the White House chair.

As all religious bodies are on an equal footing in the United States, this will give Catholics a right to object to any candidate who shall exhibit a tendency towards any branch of Protestantism, or any other "ism," even nothingarianism. So amid the war of Church and sects we shall not, hereafter, be able to have any chief magistrate at all. It is a happy fact, however, that the present Presidential incumbent's term extends beyond 1876. We shall consequently be still able to celebrate the Centennial before the reign of universal chaos begins.

The anti-Catholic papers are far in advance of the Catholic in their presages as to the speedy destruction of Protestantism. Statistics show that until recently the Jesuits, whom anti-Catholics regard as their most formidable foes, were the smallest of all the religious societies of the Church; now, however, every real Catholic is a Jesuit, the London *World* and New York *Times* being authority for this. All converts to Rome become immediately, by the very fact of their conversion, according to the same high authority, members of "the only secret society the Catholic Church permits to exist within her pale." Large numbers of "popishly" inclined Protestants have privately joined it. Mr. Gladstone, the late Premier of England, has long been upon its roll of members. He continues professedly a Protestant, but only in order the more effectually to serve "papistical" purposes. His bitter slanders of "Rome," in his article on Ritualism, were written at the dictation of the superiors of the same secret order of Jesuits, and designed simply to hoodwink the people of England. The Marquis of Ripon, too, has simply changed the Free-

mason's triangle for the cabalistic initials of Jesuitism, "A. M. D. G.," having been a member of the society of the Jesuits, even whilst he was a Mason, but only now allowed to leave the Masons and become avowedly a Catholic.

We don't wonder, under these circumstances, that Protestants are becoming alarmed, and begin to talk of reviving the mild measures of Knox, and the gentle legislation of Henry and Elizabeth.

The *Contemporary Review* has given us Mr. Gladstone's widely announced article on Ritualism. In view of the pains taken to herald its forthcoming, and the importance attached to it, antecedent to its appearance, the small impression it has made upon public sentiment, forcibly reminds us of Horace's well-known lines, "*Montes parturiunt, ridiculus mus prorepsit.*" Judging from comments of those representing almost every conceivable shade of opinion, the general feeling produced by the article is disappointment. Mr. Gladstone has written about Ritualism with all the elegance of style and wealth of diction which are his well-known characteristics, yet we look in vain through his polished paragraphs for a definition that really is a definition of any point or principle. "Ritualism, we are told, is an undue disposition to Ritual." But what is "undue" and what is not, Lord Gladstone entirely omits to state. This charge of vagueness, if not evasion, by Mr. Gladstone, of the real points of controversy between the Ritualists and their opposers, is made in all the leading papers of England, and is repeated in this country. The only subject on which he has clearly expressed himself, is one which he went out of his way to speak of,—his feeling towards the Catholic Church. In regard to this there is not the slightest room for uncertainty. In a few pithy sentences, he has compressed the stale slanders of the past and those of the present, and utters them with an emphasis which leaves no doubt of the intense bitterness of his hatred.

In Germany, the movement towards a military autocracy is steadily progressing. A measure has been submitted to the Federal Council of the German Empire, which casts into the shade all that has yet been attempted in the way of preparation for future foreign war, and will render resistance to the imperial mandate utterly futile. A short bill presented by Bismarck provides that the Emperor may summon the whole "Land-sturm," of his own authority, in case of necessity. It is placed under the military

code, and individual members may be drafted from it into active military life, wherever their services are required. The "Landsturm" means the whole able-bodied male population of the country. The Emperor is himself, by this bill, the judge of the necessity of calling it out, or drafting individuals from it into actual military service. Consequently the bill makes every able-bodied male in the empire subject at a moment's warning to active military duty. This is the first time in the present century, that preparations have been made for organizing the Landsturm in time of peace. The step now taken shows that Bismarck and the German Emperor are preparing, not only for another war, which is designed to place all Europe at the feet of Germany, but also, to render impossible any opposition on the part of Germans themselves, to a despotism that is fast becoming more absolute than that of the Cæsars of Pagan Rome.

Bismarck's difficulties in carrying out his policy of "blood and iron" in Germany, are rapidly increasing. The imprisonment of Count Von Arnim was a measure of desperation. Count Arnim has some of Bismarck's letters. Bismarck fears their publication, and has imprisoned Count Arnim because he will not give them up. There have been many conjectures as to what these letters would reveal. A clue to this can probably be found in the fact, that when Count Arnim was severely taken to task for his severe criticism of the Chancellor's course in his letter to Dollinger, he said that he had papers still more damaging to Bismarck, that it might become necessary to publish. It is also altogether probable that the letters, which it is attempted to force from Count Arnim, contain evidence of the conspiracy antecedent to and during the Vatican Council, to persuade and cajole, if possible, or if not, then to force the Catholic Prelates of Germany into rebellion against the Sovereign Pontiff, and of the manner in which the quarrel of the German government with Catholics was to be gotten up. It is quite possible, too, that they contain statements in regard to Bismarck's proposed course towards France in the future, that would be very awkward to have known. Hence Bismarck's extreme anxiety and fears.

The *Chicago Tribune* lately gave some statistics, showing the number of persons entitled to vote who omit to exercise their right. In Massachusetts, according to the *Tribune's* statement, 120,000 voters absented themselves from the polls at the Gubernatorial election, 1872; in Maine, 26,000; in New York, 152,000; in Pennsylvania, 104,000; in Ohio, 72,000; in Illinois, 113,000; and in Michigan, 57,000.

After citing these and other facts gathered from statistical tables, the *Tribune* raises the question: "Do those who vote really and fairly represent those who do not vote, or, in other words, Would the result be changed if the whole of those entitled to vote actually did vote?"

It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to say whether the result would be changed politically or not. But it is not at all difficult to arrive at the conclusion that there would be a very material change of results morally. The *Tribune* says that the effect of not voting, especially in large cities, is that the election of candidates is left to those who follow that business for a living, and whose interests are best promoted by the election of corrupt officials, local as well as general.

This is true. But the evil would not be remedied simply by all citizens voting who are entitled to vote. As matters are now managed, the choice between opposing candidates, notwithstanding all the eloquent appeals to free and independent citizens to rally for the salvation of their country, involves no real issues of greater magnitude than whether Jones or Smith shall get a fat office, and his friends be "taken care of" at the people's expense.

The remedy must go deeper. Some other way of nominating candidates must be adopted, so that respectable, substantial citizens, and not those who make a trade of politics, may have a potential voice in the selection of those who are to be voted for at the elections. Until this is done the number of non-voters is likely to increase rather than decrease.

The eyes of at least some German Protestants are opening to the real character of the notorious Falck Laws. The London *Morning Post* has published a long and able review of those laws from the pen of a German Evangelical Divine of the highest distinction, whose name is concealed for the "best of reasons," viz., that he may escape the imprisonment and confiscation that otherwise would be his certain doom. The general scope of the article may be given in a few sentences.

The recent legislation has been, as regards Protestant organizations as well as the Catholic Church, nothing else than "the abrogation of the Habeas Corpus Acts of German Christianity." The German Government has practically "enacted that Scriptural Christianity and Rationalism have identical rights in the Protestant Church." "A broad door has been opened to infidels for admission to ecclesiastical office." "By the imposition of compulsory civil marriage a wide-reaching step has been taken towards the breaking up of the entire Christian Church." "The government is preparing the propagation of heathenism in the midst of Chris-



tianity." "The Falck Laws have established a secularist Papacy in the grossest form."

The Episcopalian Convention has perpetrated what may justly be considered the "best joke of the season." Immediately after enacting a "canon" looking to stamping out Ritualism, condemning the use of incense, of the cross, of genuflections and prostrations, and of everything that might be construed as symbolical of belief of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, they gravely pass a resolution expressive of a hope of "reaching a union in sympathy (whatever that may mean) between the Russo-Greek and this (the American Episcopalian) Church, hoping for further intercommunion between both churches, and tendering thanks to the Secretary of the Russo-Greek Committee, for his arduous labors in the matters with which he was intrusted."

We are not informed that those arduous labors have resulted in anything in the way of bringing about an intercommunion between these two "churches," nor is there the slightest probability that they will amount to more than talk; but it strikes us as rather strange that the Episcopalians, after their action against Ritualism, should be anxious to "commune" with those whose ritual emblems all that in their new "canon" they have expressly condemned.

Among the most encouraging things in favor of the Centennial celebration is the extraordinary success which crowned the Franklin Institute Exhibition. With a cry of "no money" ringing its changes in our ear from every side, hundreds, even thousands, and tens of these, crowded the spacious avenues of the *Depot* to examine the wonders that met the eye at every step. And this extraordinary success, as little expected as it was fully deserved, affords another illustration that real merit need never fear ultimate recognition. At the same time, this Exhibition affords another lesson. The achievements of genius, so fully shown in the *Institute*, teaches a lesson of perseverance and industry to our mechanics and our artisans. The most intricate mechanisms are the result of the mental labor of modest but constant effort. What others have done may be improved upon, and we look forward to the Centennial in the honest conviction that those who have secured most honor at the Franklin Institute, will be among those whose work will show the greatest further improvement between this and the Nation's Centenary.

The Triennial Episcopalian Convention, now in session in New York City, is earnestly endeavoring to find a basis of compromise, which will prevent recalcitrants from

breaking into open rebellion. There is a plain contradiction in the positions of—the "Low Churchmen," and the High Churchmen and Ritualists. The former profess to stand on the ground of broad liberality and tolerance of every form of doctrine, and yet endeavor to gag the High Churchmen, and tie the hands of the Ritualists. The High Churchmen profess to believe in the duty to obey ecclesiastical authority, and yet bid defiance to their so-called Bishops. The Ritualists professedly believe in the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, but are willing to commune with those who deny it. And yet, with these contradictions amongst themselves, our Episcopalians friends talk of having one faith, and being members of the one Holy Catholic Church!

Archbishop Bayley's address to the temperance delegates is a model of good, sound, common sense.

With reason he warns the members not to be led by public display to forget their individual interests. It might not be amiss, from time to time, for an investigating board to see how the accounts are kept.

Next to this, was the equally important allusion to the keeping out of politics "as societies."

The number of excellent associations destroyed by wandering from their original design is not small; and, in some sections of the country, organizations, with immense resources for good, have lost their hold on public confidence by going aside from their professed objects to secure a warm *place* for some of their members.

Some German author has said that the best way to secure success is to succeed. The world is ever ready to pat the successful candidate, and is equally ready to trample upon him whose efforts prove futile.

Till the Centennial celebration became a fixed fact in the eyes of our neighbors, through the practical evidence of "brick and mortar," the greater part of the people shrugged their shoulders in sympathetic doubt. Now, the whole face of matters is changed, and the most incredulous of yesterday are among the most enthusiastic believers of to-day.

The situation—as between France, Spain, and Germany—is very grave. It has, for some time, been clearly obvious that Bismarck is determined, if possible, to force France into war with Spain, and thus into renewed hostilities with Germany. In addition to the wish to crush France before she has time to recuperate, the Chancellor has now another reason for desiring renewed war. His power is evidently waning in Germany, but he knows perfectly well that conflict with

France would turn attention away from his misdeeds and misgovernment, and bury once more in "blood and iron" the opposition that is steadily increasing amongst all parties. One of two things must come, and that very shortly, either renewed war, or the fall of the monster who has fattened on the blood of millions.

Prior to the election, the Rev. Father Dausch, of St. Vincent's Church, of Baltimore, gave his people some sound, practical advice as to their political duties. He told them that every citizen should vote, and vote intelligently for capable and honest officers. Voting for improper men, he said, is a crime. If good and honest citizens would exercise their right to vote, much of the demoralization and fraud existing in the country would be checked. As a body Catholics should keep aloof from politics, but as individuals they should strive to serve their country at the polls, as well as in every other proper way.

Reviewing of books is a work which requires more time than we think the greater number of critics bestow upon the work.

We notice several criticisms, or rather eulogies, on books, that are far from what the publications deserve. No Catholic reviewer should unqualifiedly indorse or recommend a book which he has not carefully read; and he should cry down the least attempt at sneering

against our Church or any of her people. There has been *brogue* enough in books issued from non-Catholic houses, without Catholic publishers taking it up.

There is an excellent opportunity now presented for a full, free, and fair discussion of the questions involved in the existence of so-called Catholic national societies. Let the discussion be kept free from personalities, close to the point, and carried on in the interest of truth, and a desire to pursue charity, and it shall be well. The trouble in all such discussions is that the weaker invariably end by calling names, and saying hard things, which the writers foolishly imagine to be arguments. A good cause is never the loser by having gentlemen employed in its defence; a bad one can never be long bolstered up by abusing its opponents.

The issue of good Catholic books has been limited in this country within the last year. Lacordaire's "Conferences on Life," Alzog's "Ecclesiastical History," and "Notes on the Decisions of the Plenary Council of Baltimore," are among the more remarkable.

With so many Catholic institutions, already well established, such books should have a good sale. Next to hearing the Word of God expounded, the most effectual way of doing good, in diffusing the truth, is to send it forth in the form of good books.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A MANUAL OF UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY. By Dr. John Alzog, Professor at the University of Friedburg. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and last German edition, by F. J. Babische, Doctor of Theology, of Canon and Civil Law, President of the Provincial Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, Ohio; and by Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Professor at Mount St. Mary's Seminary. In three volumes; with three Chronological Tables and three Ecclesiastico-Geographical Maps. Vol. I. Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co. 1874.

This work supplies a want which has long been felt. The Catholic histories of the Church, hitherto available to English readers, have their several merits, but are also very defective in one respect or another. Those which aim at fulness of detail are too voluminous and too expensive for the ma-

jority of lay readers; and those which are professedly merely compendiums, are too dry and too destitute of particularity to be read with any satisfaction, and when read they furnish no idea of the real significance of the events mentioned. Alzog's history strikes a happy medium between a dry skeleton of dates and facts and a full historical narrative. The estimation in which it is held in Europe may be inferred from the fact that it has passed through nine editions in Germany and four in France. It is also used as a text-book in twenty universities, in almost all the Catholic seminaries, and in many other institutions of learning in Europe and in this country where German or French is understood.

The English translation has the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati; and also of the Most Rev. J. Roosevelt Bayley, Archbishop of Baltimore.



The Very Rev. James A. Corcoran, D.D., Professor of Dogma, etc., in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, of the Diocese of Philadelphia, whose distinguished reputation for accurate and profound scholarship is not confined to this country, but extends throughout all Europe, speaks of the work in the following terms: "It is a satisfaction to know that at last we are to have a good text-book of ecclesiastical history, that will answer for schools, as well as for private reading. It would give me great pleasure to see your translations adopted in all seminaries."

Dr. Alzog has brought to the preparation of his history the vast literary attainments and profound scholarship for which he is so highly distinguished, together with the most conscientious care in the arrangement and statement of the results of his researches, extending over a period of thirty years. His well-known character, and the fact that he was called to Rome to assist in the preparatory work for the Vatican Council, guarantee the correctness and soundness of his views.

He has evidently acquainted himself thoroughly with the original sources of history, and also with the labors of modern historians, not only Catholic, but also non-Catholic.

The introduction to his history, which makes up a portion of the first volume, is itself a valuable contribution to Catholic literature. It comprises a definition of Church history, a statement of its object, and the proper method of writing it, of its divisions according to time, its divisions according to subject-matter, of the sources of Church history, its value and utility. It concludes with a chapter replete with rare information and discriminating criticisms upon the writers of Church history, both of ancient and modern times.

This introduction is followed by a historical introduction of great value, discussing the "Relations of the Ancient World to Christianity, for which it was a Preparation."

After these two introductions, the first volume is taken up with the first of three periods into which Dr. Alzog divides Church history. This period extends to the end of the seventh century. The second and third volumes will comprise the other two periods.

The work is intended not only for theological students, but also for general readers. It is entirely free from technicalities, and should be in the possession of every intelligent layman.

GRAPES AND THORNS. By T. A. D. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

Another novel by the authoress of *The House of Yorke*. Need we say more? A

novel redolent with the flowers of a pure and refined literary taste and culture distilled through its pages. A gem among the mass of romantic literature, the end and aim of which is to defile with its putrid exhalations all that comes within the tainted circle of its influence. A Catholic novel in every sense of the word; a book which, during its perusal, takes us so far out of the world around us that in the idea of the authoress, when describing the plaza of St. Peter's on Easter-day—one of those good old Easter-days, before the subalpine occupation—we bask in a perpetual Italian springtime, and hear naught but the *zitti, zitti*, of poetry's fountains.

CONFERENCES ON LIFE. Delivered at Toulouse by Pere Lacordaire. Translated, with the author's permission, by Henry D. Langdon. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

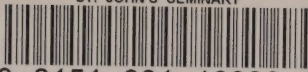
Those who are acquainted with Father Lacordaire's polished and classical style, through the medium of his former Conferences on God and man, will be happy to hear of another volume of the posthumous publications of the great Dominican. We are disposed to think that the present series of addresses will be more acceptable to the general reader than the preceding ones, inasmuch as it treats of a subject within the compass of the most ordinary comprehension. The life that is within, with its various phases and characteristics, is certainly within the scope of our experience, if not of our physical and mental comprehension. Father Lacordaire treats it under the following heads: I. Life in General; II. The Life of the Passions; III. The Moral Life; IV. The Influence of the Moral Life in leading Man to his end; V. The Supernatural Life; VI. The Influence of the Supernatural Life upon Personal and Public. The translation leaves nothing to be desired, and the English version reads with the originality and graceful beauty of classical vernacular.

THE FORMS OF ORDINATION OF A PRIEST. P. Fox, St. Louis. 1874.

Mr. Fox deserves our warm thanks for the publication of this most useful little work, which in these days of frequent ordinations is likely to be much in demand by the laity. The ceremony is taken entirely from the Ritual, is neatly bound, and printed on fine red-bordered tinted paper, and though the print is by no means in small type, yet the whole is so compact as to be carried together with an ordinary prayer-book, when occasion requires it, without the slightest inconvenience to the bearer.



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